
The Beacon Readers

BOOK SIX

WILLIAM TELL

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ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM NARRAWAY



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USING THIS BOOK

The 7-8 year old child, who found in nursery tales all that he needed for exciting reading a few months ago, is now ready for sterner stuff. His interests are widening. He is moving into the stage where heroes, fictional, or legendary, or real-life ones, are the mirror in which he sees himself portrayed. The stories in *William Tell* have proved that they help to satisfy these new needs. Their material is not too advanced in idea or in language for the comparatively few children who will read them in the infant school, and is perfect for the first months after the transition to the primary school has been made.

No new phonic steps are taken in direct association with the reading of this book, but children will profit by a few minutes' daily practice on the Pronunciation Exercises on pages 169-175. In addition to aiding pronunciation, the exercises revise the phonic work developed step by step through the Phonic Group Tables in the previous Beacon Readers. They also give practice on the vocabulary of *William Tell*, while their classification has been made with the object of lightening for the children the burden of learning to spell.

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WILLIAM TELL

Many years ago, high up among the steep mountains of Switzerland, lived a man named William Tell.

Tell was a brave man and a great hunter, and he was the best shot with the crossbow in all the land.

At that time his country was ruled by a wicked man named Gessler.

Gessler liked to show his power and made many harsh laws which the people had to obey.

He even placed his hat on a tall pole and ordered that everyone who passed should bow to the hat.

Now these brave people hated the thought of bowing to a hat, and not one of them would walk by the place where the pole was set up. Thus no one ever bowed to the hat, because no one ever passed it.

It happened that William Tell, who lived among the high mountains, had not heard about this strange law of bowing to the ruler's hat.

One morning he came into the village, leading his little son by the hand. He was walking straight past the hat, when the soldier who was always on

guard shouted, "Halt! Why do you not bow before the hat of your master?"

"Why should I bow before a hat?" asked Tell.

"That hat belongs to Gessler, your ruler. He orders you to bow before it."

"I care not who orders it. I will never bow before a hat," said Tell, quickly.

"Then you must come with me to prison," commanded the soldier.

"I will neither bow to the hat nor be taken to prison," and stepping back, Tell grasped an arrow for his crossbow.



Just then Gessler rode up with a company of soldiers.

"What is all this noise about?" he asked.

"This man, William Tell, will not bow to your hat," said a soldier.

"So you are Tell," said Gessler, riding up close to him. "They say you are the finest shot with the crossbow in the land. Tell me, my man, is it true?"

"I have shot against many good men," replied Tell, modestly.

"I have a mind to try your skill," said Gessler, "and I promise you, if you can hit the mark I offer, you shall go free."

"I shall be glad to shoot for you," said Tell. "Where is your mark?"



"Is this your son?" asked Gessler, pointing to the boy.

"Yes."

"Is he a brave lad?"

"I think he is."

"Then he can help you. Let the lad stand in front of that great oak. Place this apple on his

head. If, with one arrow, you can hit the apple, then you shall go free.

The cruel man smiled as he spoke these words. Even his own soldiers were filled with horror.

"Would you ask me to shoot at my own boy?" cried Tell. "I will not do it."

But the boy was not afraid, and looking into his father's face, he said, "Father, I will stand straight and still. You never miss your mark. I know you can hit the apple."

The brave lad reached up and took it from Gessler's hand. Then walking to the tree, he placed the apple carefully on his head. "Now, Father," he said, "I am ready."

Tell, looking over his quiver, picked two long, straight arrows. One he placed in his belt, the other he slowly fitted to his crossbow. Taking careful aim, he loosed the string.





The arrow flew straight to the mark. The apple fell, shot through the centre, and the boy ran to his father, who took him in his strong arms.

Gessler turned to William Tell. "Why did you place the second arrow in your belt?" he asked. "Tell me, and you shall come to no harm."

Tell looked into the eyes of Gessler and said, "The second arrow was for your heart, had the first one harmed even a hair of my boy's head."

Gessler shook with fear at these bold words. Turning to his soldiers, he said, "Seize this man and take him to the strongest cell in my castle across the lake."

Before Tell could move, the soldiers seized him and bore him to a boat on the shore of the lake.

As they were rowing across the water a great storm arose.

The waves dashed against the boat. To add to the danger, darkness fell upon the water, and the men could not tell which way to row.

At length the soldier in command turned to William Tell and said, "You are a sailor and know this lake better than we do. If we untie your hands, will you help to save the boat?"

"I will," said Tell.

Then they cut the ropes that bound him, and as soon as he was free Tell took charge of the steering oar. Knowing the lake well, he soon brought the boat close to a little point of land.

Before they could stop him, Tell seized his crossbow, and as he jumped to the shore he gave the boat a great push out into the lake.

"Seize him! Kill him!" shouted the leader, but he was too late.

Tell had already hidden himself in the bushes which fringed the shore.

It did not take him long to climb to his mountain home, where he was free from the power of the wicked Gessler.

Not long afterwards the whole nation went to war against their enemy. Gessler was killed, and in the end the brave people, led by William Tell, became free.





HOW THE TAIL OF THE FOX BECAME WHITE

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had a large farm. She owned many sheep, cows, pigs, and chickens. The old woman was not very happy, for she had to take care of the animals and do the housework besides.

She felt that all this work was too hard for her, so one morning she started out to find someone to help her.

As she walked along the road she met a bear.

"Where are you going, old woman?" asked the bear.

"I am hunting for someone to look after my cows, my sheep, and my pigs," said the old woman.

"Ah! That is just the thing for me," said the bear. "For a long time I have wished to find that kind of work."

"Can you call the sheep?" asked the woman.

"Yes, yes, just listen," said the bear. So he called in a loud, gruff voice, "Ouff! Ouff!"

"No, no, you would never do," said the old woman. "That rough voice of yours would frighten all the sheep in the kingdom. They would never come home."

So the old woman went on her way. Soon she met a wolf.

"Where are you going, old woman?" asked the wolf.

"I am hunting for someone to look after my sheep, my cows, and my pigs."

"Why not take me?" said the wolf. "That is just the kind of work I should like."

"Do you know how to call the animals?" asked the old woman.

"Oh, yes," said the wolf, and he called in a high, shrill voice, "Ow! Ow!"

"You will not do," said the old woman. "Your voice is so shrill that my cows would never come home."

So she went on her way. By and by she met a fox. "Where are you going, my good woman?" asked the fox, politely.

"I am hunting for someone to look after my sheep, my cows, and my pigs."

"Why do you not hire me? That is just the work I should like to do. My voice is very soft, and the animals will come at once to my call."

"Let me hear you call them," said the old woman.

The fox opened his mouth and sang, "Tum ta ta, tum ta ta, tum ta ta, tum!"

"That is very good indeed," said the old woman.
"I think I will hire you to take care of my animals."

All went well for a few days. In the morning the fox drove the sheep and cows to the pasture. He fed the pigs and looked after the ducks and chickens.



At first the old woman thought she had found a prize, but after a time her flock of chickens and ducks seemed to grow smaller. One morning she missed her little black pig.

"Where is my little black pig, Mr. Fox?" she asked.

"He is still out in the pasture," said the fox.
"He will come home soon."

The next morning she missed the old black hen with her brood of fine chicks. "Mr. Fox, where is the old black hen with her little chickens?" she asked.

"Oh," said the fox, "she has found a new nest down by the brook."

One day the old woman wished to make a cake, so she went out to look for some fresh eggs.



As she came near the hen-house she heard a great crowing and cackling. The cocks were flapping their wings and calling, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" The hens were running this way and that, crying, "Ca-dar-cut! Ca-dar-cut!" with all their might.



The poor old woman held up both hands in horror.

What did she see? Master Fox was coming out of the hen-house with a nice plump chicken in his mouth.

As Mr. Fox rushed by the old woman she swung her broom at him. "You cruel, cunning fox," she cried, "you are a thief! You stole my little black pig and my old black hen and her chicks!"

The fox leaped this way and that, dodging the blows which the old woman aimed at him with her broom. Round and round the yard they ran.

At length Mr. Fox leaped behind a can full of milk, which upset with a splash on his long, bushy tail.



The old woman's feet slipped in the pool of milk, and she sat down with a bang.

The fox saw his chance and sprang through the open door, still carrying the chicken in his mouth. Then he ran for the woods as fast as he could go. Looking back over his shoulder, he saw that the tip of his tail was white with cream.

"Oho!" he laughed. "Now I shall have some cream to eat with this nice pullet."

So he twisted about and tried to lick the cream off, but it stuck fast.

And that is why, even to this day, the tip of a fox's tail is always white.





HOW FIRE FIRST CAME TO THE INDIANS

Long, long ago the Indians had no fire. The only fire on the earth was kept by three old witches. These witches lived alone and hated all the Indian tribes. They took turns in watching their precious fire. No one could get even a spark or a coal.

One winter the snow lay very deep on the ground. It was very, very cold in the Indian houses. The Indians had fur blankets, fur leggings, and fur moccasins, but they could not keep warm.

Then they called their wisest men to a council. "What shall we do to keep warm?" asked one of the old chiefs.

"If we could only have fire in our lodges," said another old chief,

"Ah, but we cannot get it," said the oldest chief of all. "The witches guard it too closely."

"Why should we not take it from them?" asked one of the young Indians. "We could get some of the animals to help us."

"What animal would be able to help us?" asked the old chief.

"I think the bear might get it," said the young man.

"The bear is too slow," said the chief.

"The deer, then; he can run swiftly."

"The deer is too timid; his horns would catch in the door of the wigwam. The rattlesnake might creep in, but the rattlesnake is no friend of the Indians."

"Then I will ask the wolf," said the young man.
"He can run fast and will not be afraid."



The Indian went to the forest and called until his friend the wolf came to him. He said to the wolf, "Our wigwams are cold. The Indians need fire to make them warm. Can you not steal some fire from the three old witches? If you will bring us fire, we will give you food every day."

"Do as I tell you," said the wolf, "and I will get you the fire. Go to the wigwam of the three old witches. When you hear me sneeze three times, give your loudest war cry." This the young Indian promised to do.



The wolf then called upon his friends—the frog, the squirrel, the robin, the bear, and the deer. All said they would be glad to help him.

The wolf placed the frog by the side of a pond; the squirrel was hidden in the bushes; the robin sat in a tall tree; the bear was to lie down behind a great rock; while the deer was to stay near the wolf.

Then the wolf went to the home of the three witches, and lifting the flap of the wigwam, he looked in. "May I warm myself before your fire?" he asked. "I am very cold."

Without stirring from their places about the fire, the witches said, "Wolf, if you are cold, you may enter." The wolf went in and also sat down by the fire. He sneezed three times.

At once a great war cry was heard. The three witches ran out to see what was the matter. The wolf then seized a burning brand in his huge mouth and ran swiftly to the deer.

The witches saw the wolf, and with screams of anger, they dashed madly after him. So swiftly did they run that they almost caught him.

But the wolf threw the firebrand to the deer and cried, "Catch it and run!" The deer caught it and ran.



Then the deer threw it to the bear. "Catch it and run!" he cried. The bear caught it and ran.

Then the bear threw the firebrand to the robin. "Catch it and fly!" he said. The robin caught it, but as he flew, the fire burned a red spot on his breast.



The robin threw the firebrand to the squirrel. "Catch it and run!" he said. The squirrel caught it and ran.

Then the three witches called upon the snake to help them. "Snake, snake, catch the squirrel! He has stolen our fire."

The snake sprang at the squirrel, but the squirrel jumped aside and ran to the frog.

All this time the firebrand was burning, so that now nothing was left but a glowing coal.

The frog took the coal in his mouth and jumped toward the pond. One of the witches caught him



by the tail. The frog gave a great leap and dived under the water, but his tail he left behind in the witch's hand.

The frog swam across the pond under the water and hopped out before a young Indian who stood waiting for him. "I have your fire," cried the frog. Then he gave a loud sneeze, and the live coal dropped from his mouth.

With a cry of joy the Indian wrapped the precious coal in dry leaves and dashed away. As he ran the leaves began to burn, but he did not drop them until he reached his wigwam.

Then above the burning leaves he placed dried twigs of the fir tree, and soon the merry flames were dancing before the eyes of the eager Indians.

They sang, they shouted, they danced—so pleased were they with the warm, beautiful fire.—

Nor did the Indians forget their animal friends. The little Indian boys were never tired of hearing how the wolf and the deer and the bear helped to get fire, and how, at the same time, the robin got his red breast and the frog lost his tail.





KING REDBEARD

Many years ago there lived in Germany a great king. He had a long, red beard and was called King Redbeard. His castle was on the top of a steep mountain.

The story is told that King Redbeard did not die, but that he and all his men are still in a magic sleep in a cave under the great castle.

It is said that once in a hundred years the king wakes up, and when the time comes he can send his men out of the cave, for one day only, into the world.

Now it happened that once a youth was passing through the woods near Redbeard's castle. He was riding a beautiful horse, which he hoped to sell for a large sum at the fair. It was a foggy morning, and as they trotted along neither the horse nor the boy could see far ahead.

All at once, in the path before him, the youth saw a little old man, who held up his hand for the boy to stop.

"Good morning, my boy," he said. "Where are you going?"

"To the market to sell my horse."

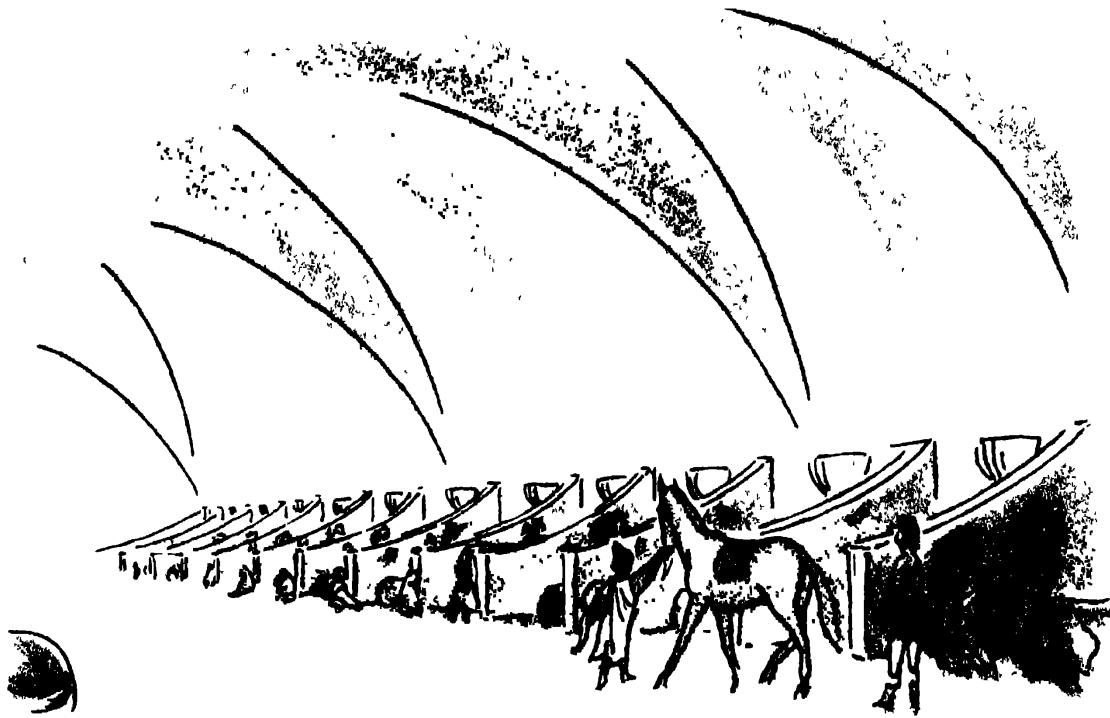
"That horse?" cried the man. "What a beautiful animal! How much money do you expect to get for him?"

"I wish to get one hundred pounds," said the boy, "for he is young and gentle."

"You need not go to the fair," said the man. "I will give you one hundred pounds for the horse. Follow me, and I will get you the money." The boy was glad to make so quick a sale, and he followed the little man down a winding path through the woods.



At length they came to the mouth of a great cave. The boy had never heard of a cave in the mountains, but leading the horse by the bridle, he followed the little man.

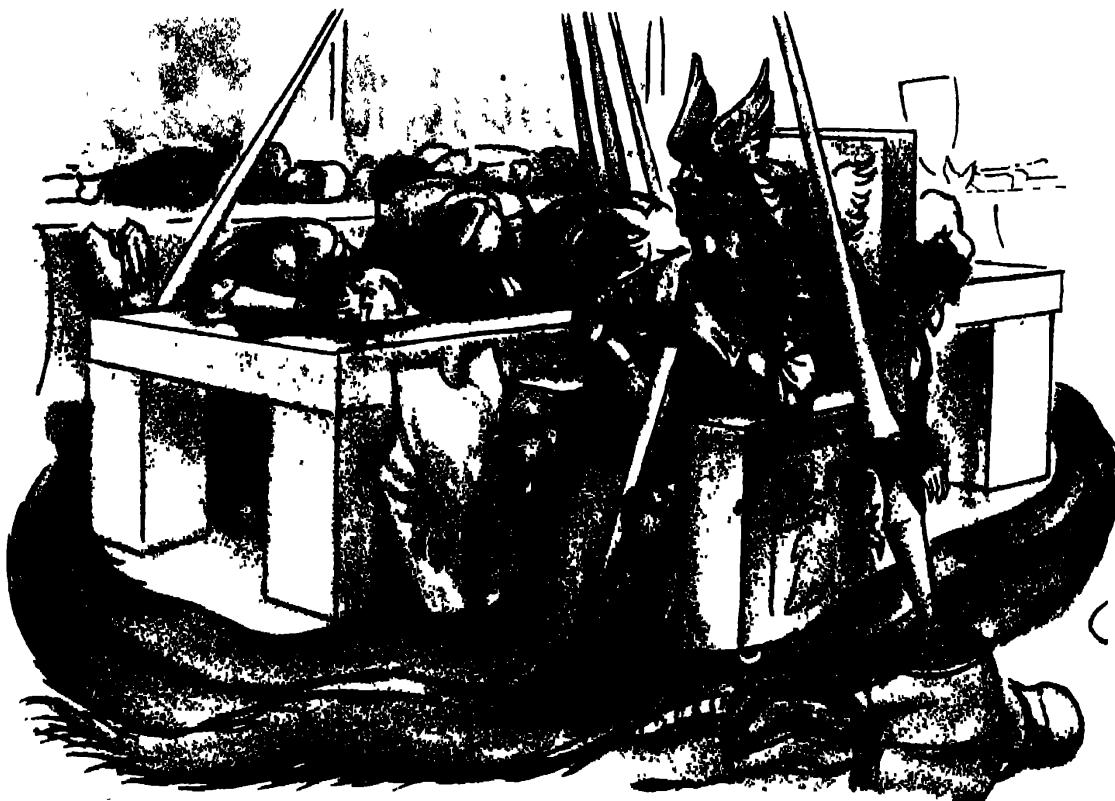


Soon the cave widened into a huge room. In this room were more than a thousand horses, and, strange to say, each horse was sound asleep. Beside each of the thousand horses rested a stable boy.

The little man now took the bridle from the boy's hand and tied the horse in a vacant space. The horse at once fell sound asleep like the others.

Then the boy followed the man down through the broad stable until they came to a great hall, on the walls of which hung rich rugs woven with gold and silver threads. Heaps of gold and silver were piled upon the floor. From these the little man took enough gold to pay for the horse and gave it to the boy.

After the boy had placed the money in his pocket he looked about him with wondering eyes. He saw, in the middle of the hall, a huge king, sound asleep, by a great marble table.



He was dressed for war. Beside his chair lay his long sword, his lance, and his shield. But most wonderful of all, a red beard hung from his face, so long that it reached almost three times round the marble table. About him were sleeping soldiers. All had their swords, their lances, and their shields by their sides.

Behind the chair of King Redbeard stood a little, sleeping dwarf. Just at this moment, to the great wonder of the boy, the king opened his eyes, and

slowly raising his long arms above his head, he yawned and stretched himself. Then turning to the little dwarf, he called in a voice which seemed to shake the castle, "Come, dwarf, wake up! Run and see if the crows still fly round the mountain."

At the sound of his master's voice the dwarf awoke and ran quickly out of the room. When he came back he said, "O king, the crows still fly about the mountain."

"Then I must sleep another hundred years," said the king, and after one look at his sleeping soldiers he fell back again in his chair, his eyes closed, and he was at once sound asleep.

The little man who had bought the horse now led the boy into the stable and through the mouth of the cave.

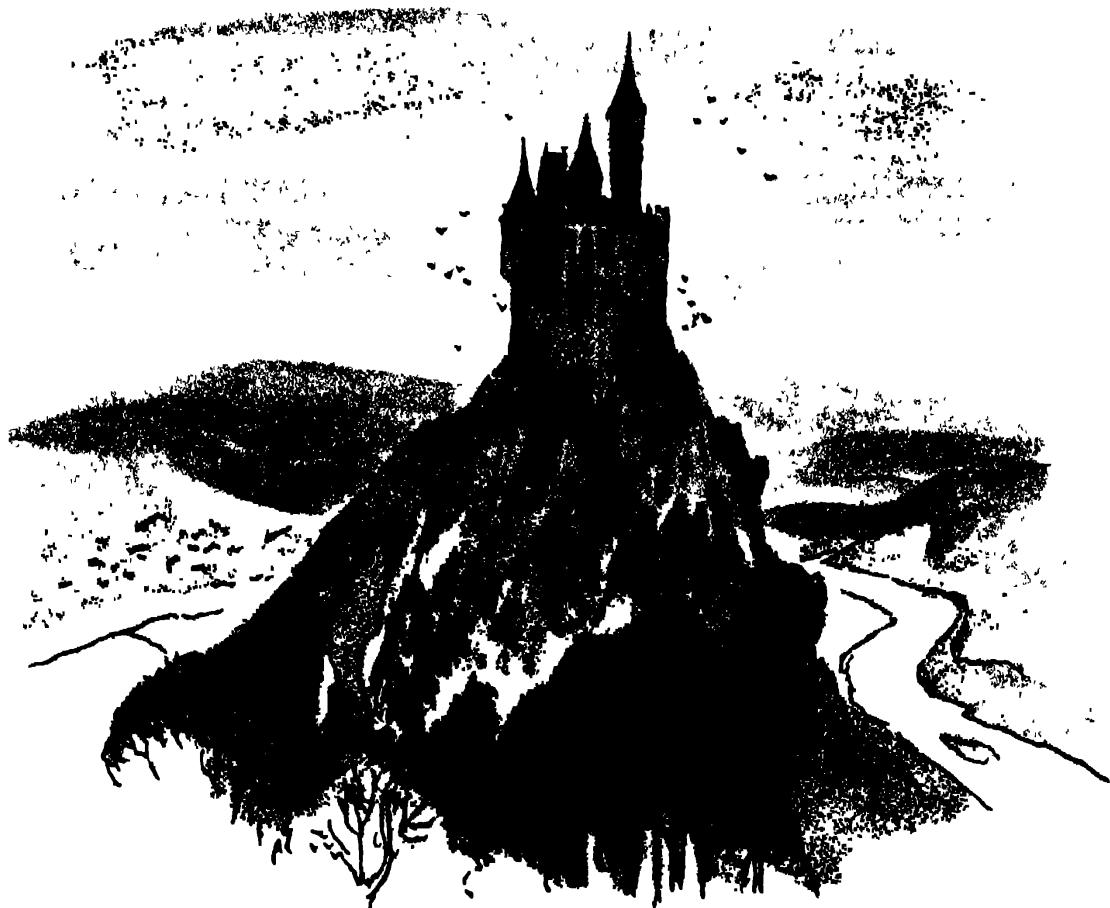
Outside everything was hidden in a dense fog. Hardly had the boy stepped beyond the cave when it vanished from his sight. He turned again to speak to the little man, but lo! he too had disappeared.

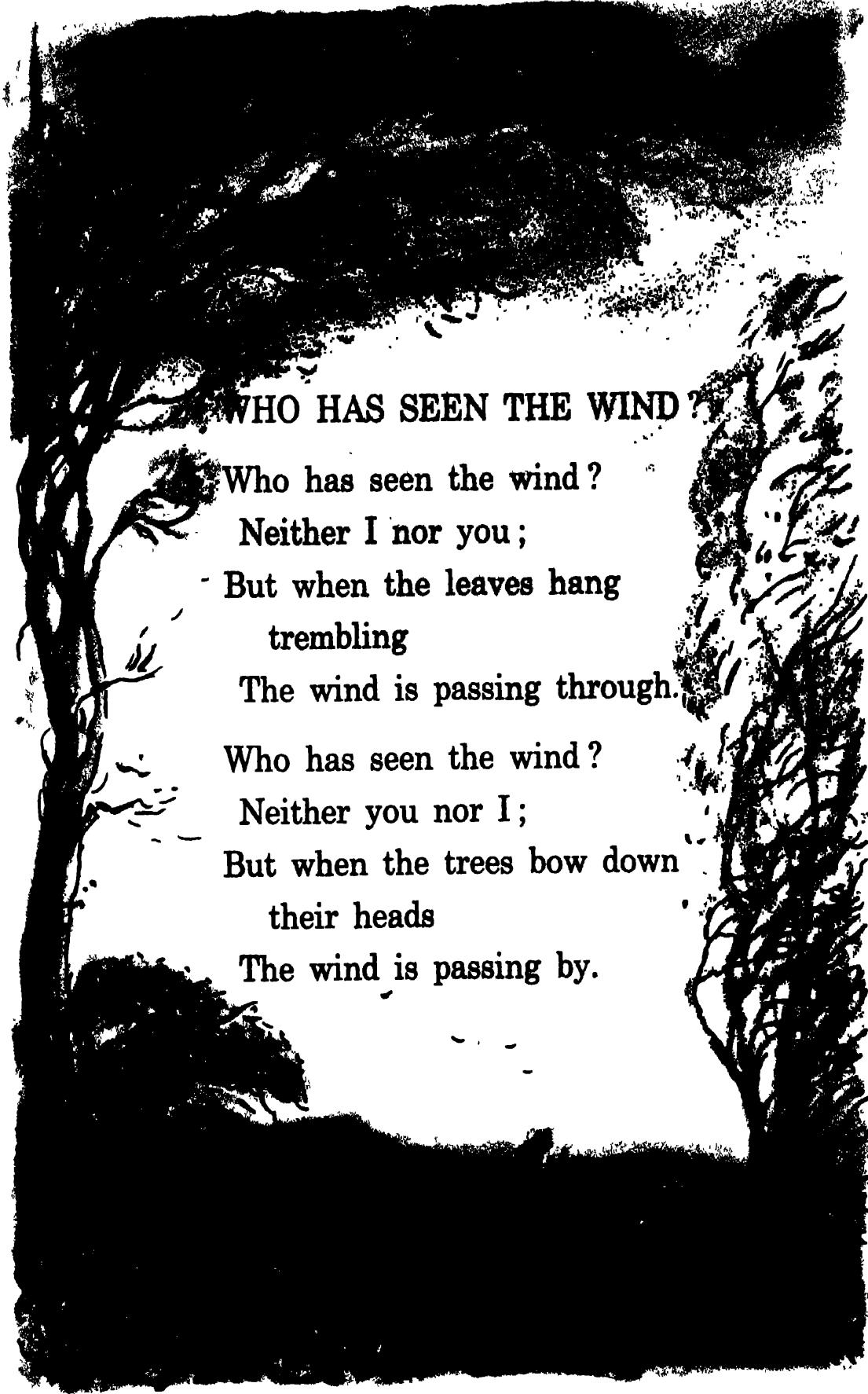
In spite of the heavy fog the boy was able to follow the hoofprints made by his horse. He soon came to the path where he had met the little man.

Reaching into his pocket, he felt for the gold, for he wished to make sure that it too had not

disappeared. When he found it safe he turned toward his home, whistling as he went.

"Ah!" said his grandmother when he told her the story. "That was old King Frederick Redbeard. He and his men rest under the high mountain. They will sleep until the country is in great danger. When that time comes the crows will no longer fly round the mountain. Then the king will wake, his soldiers will mount their horses, and in one great battle they will drive the enemy from the fatherland."





WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind ?
Neither I nor you ;
But when the leaves hang
trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind ?
Neither you nor I ;
But when the trees bow down
their heads
The wind is passing by.



THE BLUE LIGHT.

Once there was a soldier who had served his king bravely and well, but he had been wounded so often that he was no longer able to carry a gun.

So the selfish king said, " You may go home now, as you are of no further use to me. I can only pay those who are able to work."

The soldier, who did not know what to do for a living, went sadly away. He walked along for many days, until at last he reached a wood. As darkness fell he saw a light, and when he drew near he found it came from a little house in which lived an old witch.

The soldier, not being afraid even of witches, went boldly up to the house and asked the old woman for a place to sleep and for something to eat and drink.

" Oho ! " she said. " Do you think I would give anything to a runaway soldier ? " But at last she agreed that if he would do some work for her, she would take him in.

" What do you want me to do ? " asked the soldier.

"Tomorrow," said the old witch, "I want you to work in my garden."

This the soldier said he would gladly do. The next day he worked as hard as he could, but when night came he had not finished his task.

"I see," said the witch, "that you are not able to do it all, but I will keep you one night more, and tomorrow you shall split some logs for the fireplace."

The next day the soldier did what he could toward splitting the logs. In the evening the witch told him that he might stay another night.

"Tomorrow," she said, "your work will be very easy. There is an old dry well behind my house, and my light, which burns blue and never goes out, has fallen into it. I wish you would go down into the well and bring it up for me."

So the next morning the witch led the soldier to the well, and as it was very deep, she let him down in the bucket.

The soldier soon found the light, and taking it in his hand, he told the witch to pull him up. When he was near the top of the well the witch put out her hand and tried to take the light away from him.

"Aha!" thought the soldier. "I see what you would like to do." So he said, "Not so fast, old

lady ; you cannot take this light till I have both my feet safe on the ground."

The witch then flew into a rage, and dropping the rope, she let the poor soldier fall to the very bottom of the well. As it happened he fell on a bed of thick moss, so that he was not hurt in the least, while the blue light burned as brightly as ever. But his life was of little value to him, for unless help came, he knew that he would starve.



Now our brave soldier was feeling very sad, when he happened to put his hand into his pocket, where he found his pipe still half full.

"This is the last pleasure I shall ever have," he thought, as he lit his pipe with the blue light

and began to smoke. All at once a strange-looking little man came up to him and said, "What do you wish, O master?"

At first the soldier could not speak. Then he cried, "Where did you come from and what do you mean?"

"I mean that I must obey all your commands," said the little man.

"Oh, if that is true," said the soldier, "the first thing you may do is to get me out of this well."



So the little man took him by the hand, opened a small square door, and led him through a long passage; but the soldier did not forget to take the blue light with him.

On the way the little man pointed out great heaps of gold that the witch had piled up, and the soldier took as much as his pockets would hold.

✓ When they came to the top of the well the soldier said to the little man, "Now go and tie the old witch and take her to the judge." Before long he saw her sailing through the air on a broomstick, the little man close at her heels.

Soon after, the little man came back and said, "Everything has been done as you ordered, and the witch hangs on the gallows. What other orders have you, my master?"

"None, just now," said the soldier. "You may go home; but be at hand when I call."

"You have only to light your pipe at the blue light, and I shall be with you," said the little man. Then he went away.

The soldier walked back to the town where the king had his castle, and bought some new clothes. Then he went to an inn and told the innkeeper to give him the best room in the house.

As soon as he was alone the soldier lit his pipe at the blue light, and when the queer little man appeared he said, "I served my king long and well, but he sent me away to die of hunger. Now I wish to treat him as he has treated me."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the little man.

"Late at night, when the king is asleep in his bed, bring him, still sleeping, to me, and I will

make him brush my clothes and clean my boots."

"That is a very easy thing for me to do," said the little man, "but it will go hard with you if it is found out."

As the clock struck twelve the door sprang open, and in came the little man leading the king.

"Ah, here you are," cried the soldier to the king. "Set about your work at once. Come, brush my coat."

When this had been done the soldier sat down and ordered the king to take off his boots ; then he made him pick them up and clean them. The king did everything in silence and with half-closed eyes, for he was really sound asleep.



At the first cockcrow the little man carried the king away to his castle and put him back in bed.

The next morning the king called his wise men about him and told them his wonderful dream, "I

was taken through the streets at great speed. We finally came to a room where there was a man wearing a black mask, whom I had to serve by doing all kinds of mean work. I even had to brush his coat and clean his boots. To be sure it was only a dream, and yet I am as tired this morning as if I had really done it all."

"Your dream could not have been true," said the wise men, "but tonight you can fill your pocket with peas and cut a little hole in it. Then if you are really carried away, the peas will drop out, and your path can easily be followed."

Now what the wise men said was heard by the little man. That night the king was again carried off, and though the peas fell out of his pocket, they did not mark a path; for the little man had thrown other peas over all the streets of the town. Again the king had to do the soldier's work till cockcrow.

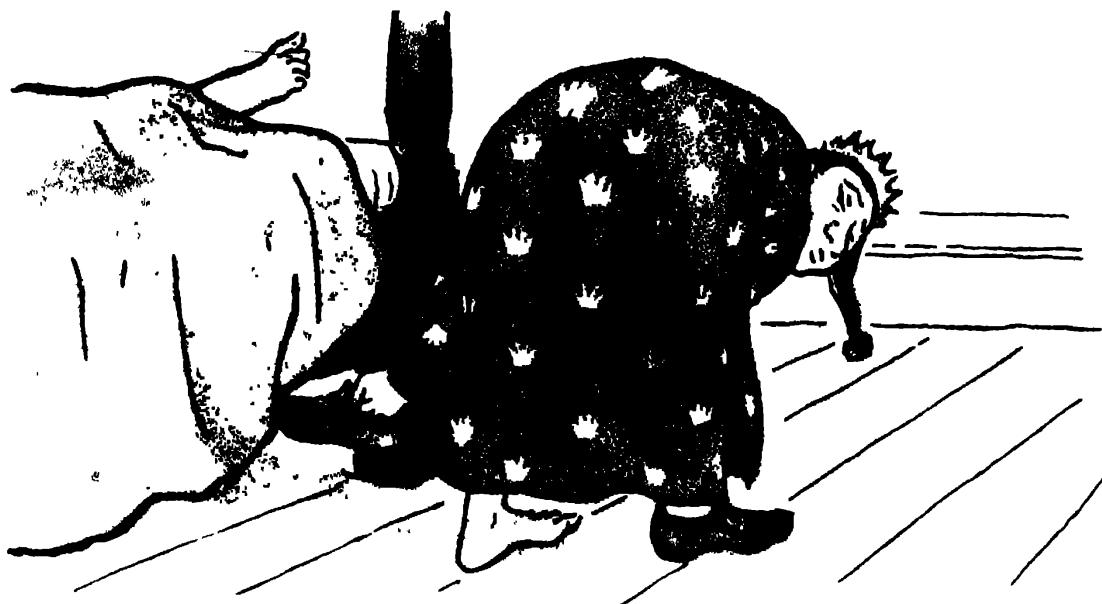
The next morning the king sent out his servants to follow the peas, but this was seen to be useless, for in every street the poor children were picking them up and saying, "It must have rained peas in the night."

Then the wise men thought of a better plan and said to the king, "Keep your shoes on when you go to bed, and before you come away from

the place where you are taken, hide one of them; then you can search over the whole city until it is found."

The little man heard of this plan also, and when the soldier ordered him to bring the king again, he said, "I beg of you, my master, not to do it, for this time I cannot guard you against their plans."

"Do what I tell you," ordered the soldier. And for the third time the king was brought and made to work like a servant ; but before he went away he was careful to hide one of his shoes under the bed.



The next morning the king ordered his servants to hunt for the shoe through the whole town. As they went to every house it was soon found in the soldier's room.

The soldier, warned by the little man, had run away, but before he had gone far he was caught and thrown into prison.

In his flight the unlucky fellow had left the blue light and his money at the inn, but he still had one gold piece in his pocket.



As he stood, loaded with chains, at the prison window, he saw one of his fellow-soldiers going by. He called out to him and said, "If you will bring to me the little bundle I left behind at the inn, I will give you this gold piece." The friend said he would gladly help him and soon brought the soldier his bundle.

When he was alone the soldier lighted his pipe at the blue light, and the little man again appeared before him.

"Ah, what shall I do? Can't you help me?" cried the soldier.

"Don't be afraid," said the little man. "Go where they take you, but keep tight hold of the blue light."

The next day a trial was held, and though they could prove nothing, the judge told the poor soldier that he must be hanged. When he was led out to the gallows he asked a last favour of the king.

"What do you wish?" asked the king.

"I pray, O king," said the soldier, "that I may smoke one last pipe."

"You may indeed do that," said the king, "but do not be too long about it."

Then the soldier drew out his pipe and lighted it at the blue light. When the first rings of smoke arose the queer little man came with a short, thick stick in his hand and said, "What are my master's orders?"

"Strike down the false judge and the king and the hangman and the sheriffs and the lords."

Then the little man flew about, as quick as a wink, from this one to that one, and all those

whom he touched with his stick fell to the ground and could not move.

At last the king had so great a fear for his life and his kingdom that he promised the soldier if he would only call off the little man, he would give him a full pardon and let him marry his daughter, the princess.





ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Androcles was a slave who lived many, many years ago in the city of Rome.

His master was very harsh and often treated him cruelly.

At last Androcles decided to run away, and with the help of some other slaves he made his way over the sea into another country. Even there he was not safe, and had to live in the deep woods, far from the homes of men.

One day, while hunting, Androcles found a cave in the side of a mountain. It did not take him long to decide to make the cave his home. "It will be much better than sleeping under the trees," he thought.

At once Androcles began to gather armful after armful of dried grass, which he carried into the cave for his bed.

Now it happened that a lion had also chosen this cave for his den, and while Androcles was making his bed the lion walked in at the door. Androcles felt sure that the lion would kill him, for he saw no way to escape.

But the lion did not seem angry or eager to do

Androcles any harm. Instead he held out his huge paw, as if he had been hurt.

Androcles saw that the paw was very red and swollen. He knew that the lion was in great pain. The lion looked at him as if he would say, "Help me, help me."

As the lion held out his paw Androcles saw a great thorn sticking in it.



"You poor beast," said the brave man. Then coming up to the lion he took hold of the thorn with his fingers and pulled it out as gently as he could.

You may be sure that the lion was very glad to have the thorn out of his aching foot, and ever after he and Androcles were the best of friends. They lived in the cave together for a long time and shared each other's food.



One day as Androcles was walking through the wood he met some hunters, who knew at once that he was a runaway slave.

A reward was always given for bringing back a runaway slave, so they took Androcles captive. They tied his hands behind him and sent him to his master, who put him in prison.

The Roman people used to have a great theatre. Instead of having plays at the theatre, they had fights between men armed with swords or between men and wild beasts. Thousands of people would come to see the fights.

Sometimes a slave who had run away from his master was made to fight with a lion or a tiger or some other wild animal.

Now it happened that Androcles had been chosen to fight a huge lion. While great crowds of Roman people were looking on, the lion came out of his cage, roaring and showing his sharp teeth. Androcles stood bravely facing him.



As the lion came near Androcles he stopped his growling, crouched at the slave's feet, and began to lick his hand. Androcles threw his arms about the lion's neck and hugged him. It was the very same lion with whom he had lived in the cave.

The Roman people shouted in wonder. Such a sight had never been seen before. They called to Androcles to explain how he had tamed the lion. Then he told them how he had helped the lion and how they had lived together in the cave.

When they had heard his story the people of Rome demanded that Androcles be set free and that he should no longer be held a slave. They also ordered that the lion should be given to him for his own.

So Androcles was made a freeman. He and his friend might often be seen walking through the streets of Rome, the lion following at his heels like a great dog.





ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES

Once there was a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called One Eye, because she had only one eye in the middle of her forehead. The second was called Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people. The youngest was called Three Eyes, because she had three eyes.

Now the mother and the two sisters did not love little Two Eyes, because she was just like everyone else. "You, with your two eyes, are no better than other people. You do not belong to us," they said. So they made her do all the hard work and gave her shabby clothes to wear. Often she did not have enough to eat.

Every day Two Eyes was sent into the field to take care of the goat. Once as she lay on the grass crying because she was so hungry, she looked up and saw a beautiful woman standing near, who asked, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

"I cannot help crying," she said, "for my mother and two sisters treat me so badly. They make me tend the goat and do the hard work about the house as well. All I had to eat this morning was two crusts of bread."

"Dry your tears, Two Eyes," said the woman,
"for I will make you a fairy gift. When you are
hungry say to your little goat,

'Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat,'

and a table will stand before you set with all kinds
of good things to eat."

"When you have eaten all you wish, you have
only to say,

'Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,'

and the table will pass out of sight before your
eyes."

As soon as the kind woman had left her, Two
Eyes, who was very hungry, said to her little goat,

"Bleat, my little goat bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat."

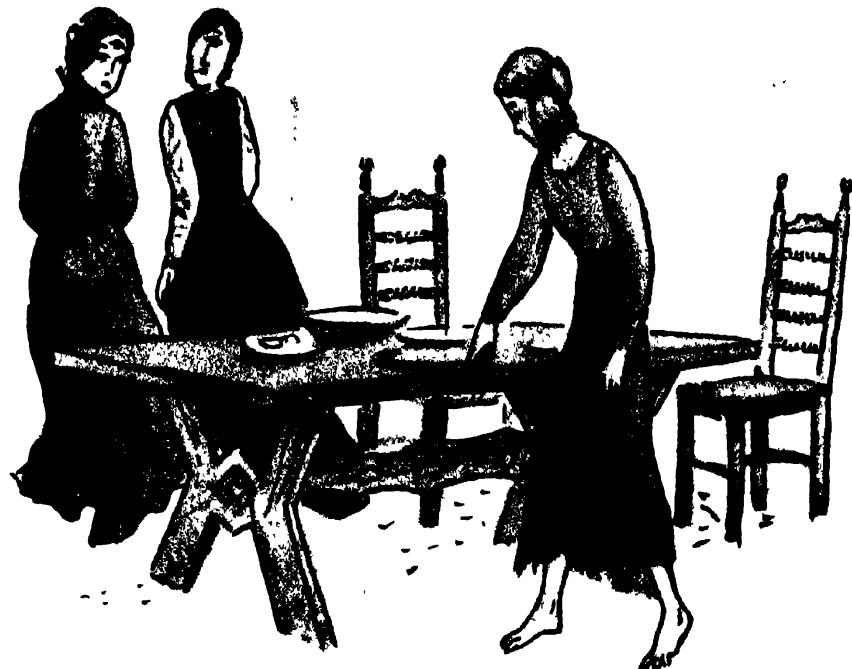
At once there stood right before her a little
table covered with a white cloth on which were
laid a plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and a dinner
fit for a queen.

The girl was so hungry that she ate and ate.
At last when she had finished she said to the little
goat,

"Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away."

Instantly the table sank out of sight.

"What a nice way to keep house!" thought little Two Eyes, as she led the goat where the grass was fresh and green.



That night when Two Eyes went home she found a few crumbs which her sisters had left for her supper. These she did not touch, and the next morning she went to the field without eating anything.

At first the sisters did not notice that Two Eyes never tasted her food, but after a while they began to wonder.

"Someone must be giving the girl things to eat," said the mother. "Do you go with her tomorrow, One Eye, and watch to see if you can find out who it is."

So the next day One Eye said to little Two Eyes, "I will go with you when you drive the goat to the field, Two Eyes. I wish to pick some of the wild flowers growing in the pasture."

Little Two Eyes knew that her sister was going on purpose to spy upon her, and she led One Eye a merry tramp over hill and dale.

At length when One Eye was tired out from her long walk little Two Eyes said, "Come, One Eye, we will sit down, and I will sing to you."

So One Eye sat down in the shade, and little Two Eyes sang to her until her one eye closed in sleep.

Then little Two Eyes said,

"Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat,"

and seating herself at the table, she ate and drank her fill. Again she cried,

"Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,"

and in an instant all was gone.

Little Two Eyes now awoke One Eye and said, "You would be of very little use in taking care of the goat, for you have been sound asleep. Come, it is time to go home."

When they reached home her mother asked One Eye what she had seen.

"I have seen nothing, dear mother, for I fell fast asleep."

The next day the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, you must go with Two Eyes today and watch carefully to see who gives her things to eat."

Then Three Eyes went to little Two Eyes and said, "I will go with you this morning when you drive the goat, for I like to be in the fresh air and sunshine."

Little Two Eyes knew that Three Eyes, also, had been sent to spy upon her, so she drove the goat a long way, until her sister became tired.

Then little Two Eyes said, "Come, let us rest in this cool shade, and I will sing to you."

So little Two Eyes sang until Three Eyes began to grow sleepy. Two of her eyes were shut tightly, but the third eye did not close at all.



When little Two Eyes thought her sister was sound asleep she said,

“ Bleat, my little goat, bleat,
Cover the table with good things to eat.”

Instantly the little table loaded with food stood before her. Having eaten her fill, she said,

“ Bleat, my little goat, I pray,
And take the table quite away,”

at which the table sank out of sight. Now the third eye of Three Eyes had seen it all, though she seemed to be sound asleep.

That evening, when little Two Eyes again left her supper, Three Eyes said to her mother, “ I have found out why Two Eyes leaves her food.” Then Three Eyes told her mother all that she had seen. “ Two Eyes put two of my eyes to sleep with her singing, but my third eye stayed awake and watched her.”

The wicked mother was angry at the good fortune of little Two Eyes.

“ Is that little good-for-nothing to eat better food than we do ? ” she cried, and seizing a knife, she rushed out and killed the little goat.

When Two Eyes found that her little goat was dead she ran out of the house crying as if her heart would break.

All at once the beautiful woman stood before her.

"Why do you cry, little Two Eyes?" she asked.

"Alas, my mother has killed the goat which brought me my food," answered little Two Eyes.

"Listen to me, Two Eyes," said the beautiful woman, "and do what I tell you. Go home and ask your mother to give you the heart of your little goat. As soon as it is dark take the heart and bury it in front of the house."

Little Two Eyes went home and said, "Mother, at least give me some part of my poor little goat. Even its heart will do."

"Well," said the mother, "if that is all you want, you may have it."



Then little Two Eyes took the heart, and when everyone was asleep she dug a deep hole and buried it in front of the house.

The next morning when the sisters awoke, there before the house stood a most wonderful tree, with leaves of silver and apples of gold.

Then the mother said to One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and pick some of the golden apples."

One Eye climbed the tree, but when she wished to take hold of an apple it slipped from her hand. Try as she would, she could not grasp it.

Then the mother said, "Three Eyes, you may climb up. You can pick them, for you can see better than One Eye."

So One Eye came down from the tree, and Three Eyes climbed up, but she could do no better than her sister. The golden apples sprang this way and that, so that she could not even touch them.

At last the mother cried, "Come down and let me try," but she could touch the fruit no better than One Eye or Three Eyes.

The apples danced away from her hand, and she only grasped empty air.

Then little Two Eyes said, "May I try?"

"You!" cried her sisters. "What can you do with your two eyes?"

But when little Two Eyes climbed the tree the apples seemed to tumble off into her hands, and soon she came down with her apron and pockets full of the golden fruit.



Now it happened that a young prince came riding by just as the mother was taking the apples from little Two Eyes.

At once the sisters cried to Two Eyes, "Run and hide yourself, for you are not fit to be seen." And they quickly pushed the poor girl under an empty barrel which stood near the tree.

The prince gazed in wonder at the shining leaves and golden apples.

Then he said to the sisters, "To whom does this beautiful tree belong? I would give anything for just one branch of its golden fruit."

"The tree is ours," cried the sisters. "We should be glad to give you a branch."

So they tried again and again to pluck some of the apples, but the wonderful tree seemed full of life and they could not touch even one with their fingers.

"It is strange," said the prince, "that you should not be able to pick a single leaf from your own tree."

Just then little Two Eyes, who was angry because her sisters had not told the truth, took two of the golden apples from her pockets and rolled them to the very feet of the prince.

The prince was filled with surprise to see the apples rolling toward him, and walking to the barrel, he lifted it up, There sat little Two Eyes, who, in spite of her ragged dress, seemed to the prince the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"I am little Two Eyes," answered the girl. "I heard you ask for the golden apples from my tree, so I rolled two of them in front of you. Now I will pick you a branch." And as she went to the tree the boughs bent toward her and seemed to invite her to break them off.

"Ah!" exclaimed the prince, "I can easily see that the wonderful tree belongs to you and not to your sisters."

As the prince took the branch in his hand he said, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for this?"

"Oh," cried little Two Eyes, "my mother and sisters do not love me. I do not have even food

enough to eat. If you could only take me with you and make me free, I should be the happiest girl in the land."

Then the prince lifted little Two Eyes upon his horse and took her home to his father's castle. Shortly afterwards he made her his bride.

The mother and sisters were glad to see Two Eyes go, for they said, "Now the beautiful tree with its golden fruit belongs to us." But when they arose the next morning, lo ! the tree was gone.

In spite of their evil deeds little Two Eyes did not forget her mother and sisters, but was very good to them and took care of them as long as they lived.





RIP VAN WINKLE

Many, many years ago there lived a good-for-nothing fellow whose name was Rip Van Winkle.

Dame Van Winkle had to work very hard indeed, for all the care of the house and children fell upon her.

In spite of his faults Rip was good-natured. He was always willing to do a kindness for his friends, and if anyone were in trouble he was the first to offer help. Rip was a great friend of all the children too, and when their playthings were broken they were always sure that he would mend them.

Rip's wife could not see this good side.

To Dame Van Winkle, Rip was a worthless fellow whom she must scold, scold, scold, from morning till night. To be sure, her scoldings did no good, for all she could say did not change him in the least.

Rip had one faithful friend, however, in his old dog, Wolf. Wolf was the best hunter in the village, and many were the rabbits and partridges which they caught together. After his scoldings Rip would whistle for his dog, take his gun from the

corner in the kitchen, and tramp away into the deep woods.

One day Rip and his dog had taken a long walk up the side of a high mountain. At length they came to a place where Rip had never been before. The day was warm, and he lay down under an oak tree to rest.

Suddenly he heard someone calling to him, "Rip, Rip, come and help me." Rip, looking far down the mountain side, caught sight of a little old man with a long beard. He could not see plainly, but the little man seemed to be carrying a keg upon his bent back. He called again, "Rip, Rip, do you hear? Come down and help me."

Rip forgot how tired he was and clambered down to the little old man. Then taking the keg upon his own shoulder, he said, "Which way do you go, sir?"

"Follow me," cried the little old man, shortly. On and on they went, climbing up, up, up, to the very top of the mountain.

All at once a little valley opened before them. It was level, and on it the grass was short and thick. Rip thought he had never before seen so beautiful a spot.

Here were twenty more little old men, who looked for all the world like the man with the keg.

They wore tall red caps, their coats had large brass buttons, their trousers were short, and on their shoes were huge silver buckles.

When Rip first saw the little men they were playing ninepins, and the great wooden balls striking the pins made a noise like rumbling thunder. As Rip came near they stopped their play and looked at him—looked with such strange eyes that Rip was afraid. His heart thumped within him.



Rip placed the keg upon the grass. One of the little men emptied it into huge mugs and motioned to Rip to pass them round. Rip obeyed, but he was so frightened that his trembling legs would

hardly carry him. The little men drank in silence, and when the mugs were empty they began to play ninepins again.

Rip's fear was now growing less. He even dared to taste from one of the mugs. Then, being thirsty, he went on drinking until he had emptied several of them.

All at once Rip found his eyes growing heavy. He tried to keep awake, but he soon sank limply to the ground and fell into a deep sleep.



When he awoke Rip found himself under the old oak tree. He rubbed his eyes sleepily. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and singing among the bushes. An eagle was sailing high in the sky.

"I must have slept here all night," said he, as he tried to get up.

Then he thought of the strange little men with the keg. "Ah, it must have been the drink," he said. "I should not have touched it. What will the good dame say when I go home?"

He looked for his gun, but he could not find it. Instead there was an old, rusty firelock. "Surely someone has been playing a trick upon me," said Rip.

He whistled and whistled for his dog, but Wolf did not appear. He rose slowly to his feet, for his joints were stiff. "These outdoor beds are hard," he said. "They make one feel old."

He shook his head and took the rusty gun in his hand. Then he walked slowly down the side of the mountain.

As Rip came near the village he met some children. "Strange," he said, "I do not know one of them. I thought I knew every child in the village. Their dress too is odd."

The children all stared at Rip. Each one began to stroke his chin. At length Rip did the same. Ah! what was this! He found his beard had grown to be a foot long.

When at last he came to the village a troop of strange children was running at his heels. They

hooted after him ; they pointed at his gray beard ; and, saddest of all, even the dogs did not know him.

The village was changed. It was larger. There were rows of houses he had never seen before. Queer names were over the doors. Strange faces were at the windows.

Rip did not know what to think. This looked like his native village, and yet it was not. There were the mountains. There ran the silver river.

“ Ah, why did I take that drink last night ? ” he cried. “ It has caused all this trouble.”

Slowly, and trembling with fear of Dame Van Winkle, Rip made his way toward his own home. Alas ! what did he find ? The house was gone to decay ; the roof had fallen in ; the windows were broken ; the doors were off their hinges. He caught sight of a dog that looked like Wolf. Rip called his old friend’s name. The dog growled and showed his teeth. “ My very dog does not know me,” said poor Rip.

Rip then crept through the broken-down door. He called loudly for his wife and children. Stumbling out again, he ran toward the village inn.

A little army of women and children now followed at his heels. The people crowded round him. They looked him over from head to foot. At



length a man said to him, "Why do you come into this village carrying a gun and with a mob at your heels?"

"Ah!" cried Rip, "I mean no harm to anybody. I have always lived in this village. I came to the inn to see if I could find some of my old friends."

"Your old friends, indeed," cried the man.
"What are their names?"

"Where is Nick Vedder?" said Rip.

A voice from the crowd said, "Nick Vedder!
Why, he has been dead these twenty years!"

"Where is Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he was killed in the war, ten years ago!"

"Where is Van Brummell, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the war too and is now a great man."

At length Rip said, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Yes, yes, there is Rip Van Winkle, leaning against that tree."

Rip looked. There indeed was a man the picture of his old self.

"Alas," he cried, "I am not myself. I am somebody else. That is surely Rip under that tree. I was myself last night before I fell asleep on the mountain. Now they have changed my gun. Everything is changed. I cannot tell what my name is or who I am."

Just then a young woman came up with a child in her arms. "Hush, Rip!" she cried. "Hush, little one! the old man won't hurt you."

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked the old man.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And what is your father's name?"

"Ah! poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name. He went away from home twenty years ago, and he has never been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but Rip has never been found. I was then only a little girl."

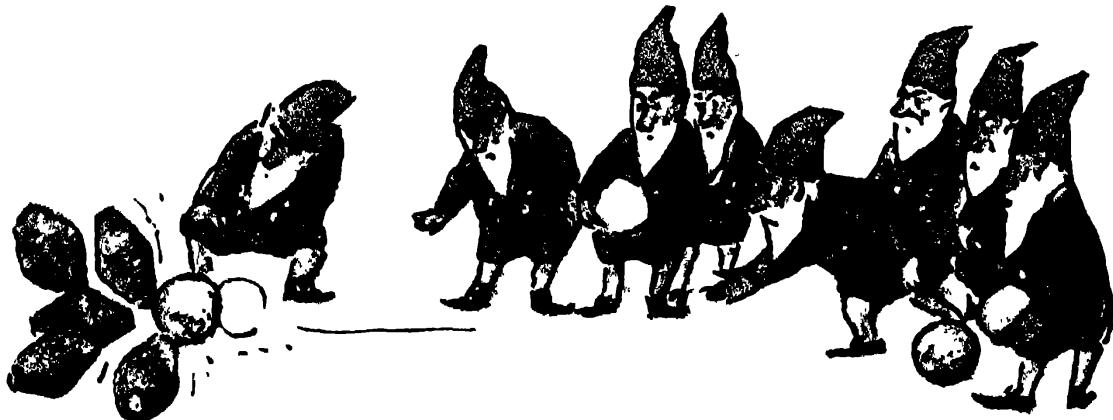
“Where is your mother?”

“She too is dead.”

Old Rip caught the woman in his arms. “I am your father,” he cried. “Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now. Does no one remember Rip Van Winkle?”

An old woman came up and cried, “It is Rip Van Winkle himself. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip told his story, and now when the thunder peals from the tops of the high mountains they say in the village that the little men are playing ninepins.





TWO OUT OF THE BAG

In a cottage near a mountain there lived a little old man and his wife. The wife was always busy, but the little old man did not like to work. This made his wife very cross indeed. She used to scold him, and sometimes, sad to say, she would even beat him soundly with a stick.

All this did very little good, for instead of working, the old man would go into the fields, where he set snares for the birds and the small wild animals.

When he caught a rabbit or a fat quail he would take it home to his wife. While it lasted she would forget her scolding and they would live together in peace.

One day there was nothing in the house to eat. The good woman was so angry that she drove the little old man out of the door with her broomstick.

This had happened so many times that the little old man had become quite used to it, and he went whistling along to look after his traps and snares.

In the first trap he found a large crane. "Ah, Mr. Crane," he said, "you will make a fine dinner for us. I will take you out and kill you."

To his surprise the crane spoke and said, "Do not kill me. I am the king of the cranes. If you will let me go, I will be your best friend. I can help you in many ways."

The little old man at first was afraid of the talking crane.

Then he said to himself, "It would indeed be a pity to kill a bird that can talk." So he went up and took the crane out of the trap. The crane thanked him and flew away.

(As there was nothing in his other traps the little old man had to go home with empty hands. His wife met him at the door and cried, "If you bring nothing, you shall have nothing." Then she shut the door in his face.)

So the little old man had to spend that night in the barn, but he did not care in the least.

The next morning he went very early to look at his traps. Soon the crane stood before him.

"Good morning, my friend," said the crane. "I have brought you a present of a little bag. You look hungry, and I think you will find it very useful."

So the crane dropped the bag from his long bill and cried, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink two small black boys hopped out of the bag, and with them a table.



Upon this table the boys spread a clean tablecloth, and upon the tablecloth they placed dishes, and upon the dishes they placed the richest food.

The old man sat down and ate and ate. Such food he had never before tasted. There were apples and pears and sweets and pineapples and oranges and everything else you could think of.

When the little old man had eaten his fill he arose from the table.

The crane said, "Two into the bag," and quick as a wink the food, the dishes, the tablecloth, the table, and the two little black boys all jumped back into the bag.

"Take this bag to your dear wife, and perhaps she will treat you better." Saying this, the crane flew away. So the old man picked up the bag and started for home.

Now it happened that he had to pass a wood-cutter's hut where an old woman lived with her three daughters.

"Ah!" thought the little old man, "the good woman who lives here is very poor. I will give her and her daughters a treat."

So he rapped at the door. "Come in," said the old woman.

When the little old man entered he found the old woman and her three daughters at the table, eating. The food was poor, and there was very little of it.

"Come! come!" said the little old man.
"Today you must dine with me."

Then, dropping his bag upon the floor, he said, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink the two little black boys had set the table and covered it, as before, with the richest food. The old woman and her three daughters looked on, with eyes wide open.

The little old man told them to sit down and help themselves. So they ate and ate, until it seemed as if they would never stop.

The little old man saw them eat, and he smiled as he passed them first this dish and then that.

At length they were filled, and when they were getting up from the table the little old man said softly, so that no one could hear, "Two into the bag." Quick as a wink the dishes, the tablecloth, the table, and the two little black boys were out of sight in the bag.



Now the old woman and her three daughters were filled with envy, and in their wicked hearts they planned how to get hold of the wonderful bag.

So the old woman invited the little old man to step into her garden to see how her peas and beans were growing.

No sooner had the door closed behind them than the three daughters began to make a bag. They made it look exactly like the bag that the little old man had brought. How fast their needles flew! Soon it was done and had taken the place of the magic bag.

When the little old man came from the garden he picked up the bag, which looked exactly like his own, and went on his way.



As soon as he reached home he marched boldly into the room and cried, "Ah, good wife, I have something this time that will surely please you." So he placed the bag upon the floor and said, "Two out of the bag." But nothing came out.

The little old man did not know what to make of it, while his wife, more angry than ever, drove him from the room. "You shall not make a fool of me," she cried.

That night the little old man again slept in the barn, and the next morning went very early to his traps. Soon the crane stood before him.

"Good morning," said the crane. "I fear you did not give the bag to your good wife as I told you. Instead, you let the old woman and her three daughters steal it, but I am still your friend. Here is a present of another bag. If you use it rightly, you may be able to get back the first." Before the little old man could thank him the crane had flown away.

"I will try it now," thought the little old man. So he said, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink two strong black boys came out of the bag. They had long whips in their hands. With these they began to hit the little old man.



"Stop! stop!" cried the old man, but it was of no use.

They only beat him harder than ever.

At last he thought of the magic words. "Two into the bag," he cried, and at once the two black boys hid themselves in the bag.

Soon the little old man again came to the cottage of the old woman. "I will go in," he said to himself; "she may wish to take this bag too." So he rapped at the door.

"Come in," cried the old woman.

The little old man walked in and laid the bag upon the floor.

"You have another bag, I see," said the old woman.

"Yes," said the little old man, "and it is even more wonderful than the other." Then, putting down the bag, he said, "I should like to buy some of your peas. Will you not sell them to me?"

"That I will," cried the old woman. So she and the little old man went into the garden.

No sooner had the door closed behind them than the eldest daughter, who wished to try the bag, said, "Two out of the bag."

Quick as a wink the two black boys were out of the bag and beating the daughters with their whips. The girls screamed with fear and pain. At

the sound of their cries the mother came running from the garden. At once the black boys began to beat her too.



The more they screamed the more they were beaten. "Call them off! call them off!" they cried to the little old man.

"Bring me the bag you stole and I will," he said.

"Quick, daughter, bring him his bag," cried the old woman.

As soon as the little old man had the bag in his hands he said, "Two into the bag." Quick as a

wink the two black boys, whips and all, were out of sight. Then, with both bags under his arm, the little old man went whistling home.

As he came near the house he shouted, "Wife! wife! At last I have the wonderful bag." The wife had her broom ready, but as soon as the little old man came through the door he placed the first bag on the floor and cried, "Two out of the bag." Quick as a wink the dishes, the tablecloth, the table, and the two little black boys came out.



The old man's wife sat down and ate and drank her fill. She became even mild and tender. "Dear husband, this time you have done well."

The little old man then whispered, "Two into the bag," and then he took the first bag away and put the second bag in its place.

Hardly had he left the room when his wife thought, "I will try the bag, too." So she cried, "Two out of the bag." Quick as a wink the two black boys appeared and began to beat her.

"Help! help!" she screamed.

After waiting a bit the little old man came into the room and cried, "Two into the bag."

At once the beating stopped, and she fell into his arms, crying, "You have saved my life." And the two lived happily together ever after.





THE DANCING-SHOES

A king once had twelve daughters, and one was just as beautiful as another. These twelve beautiful daughters all slept in the large hall of the castle, where their beds stood side by side. Every night the door to the hall was locked and bolted by the king himself.

Now each princess had a pair of dancing-shoes which were to be worn when the king gave a ball ; but it happened that no matter how many new pairs of dancing-shoes he gave to his daughters, the next morning when he unlocked the door he found the shoes all worn out and full of holes.

There was not a wise man in the kingdom who could think how it happened, for all the windows and doors were so carefully bolted that no one could get out of the castle.

At last the king said that whoever would find where his daughters went in the night to dance and how they got out of the room, should have one of them for his wife.

But the king also said that if anyone tried for three nights and then could not tell the secret of the worn-out shoes, he should give up his life.

It was not long before a prince came to the kingdom who wished to try to find out the secret.

That night the young man was placed in a room near the hall where the maidens slept, and a door was left open so that he could follow them if they should go away to dance.

As soon as the prince lay down it seemed as if lead had been placed on his eyelids. He could not keep awake, and in the morning the dancing-shoes were worn out even more than usual. The second and the third nights the same thing happened, and then the prince was put to death without the least pity. Even this did not keep other young men from trying, but they all lost their lives.

Now it happened that a poor soldier, who had been wounded and could not serve any longer in the army, was on his way to the town where the king and his daughters lived, when he met an old woman.

"Why are you going to the town?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered, "but if I have no better luck, I may try to find where the king's daughters go every night to wear out their slippers."

"That is not so very hard," said the old woman.
"All you will have to do is to keep awake, and



if you do not drink the wine which they will try to give you, you will have no trouble." Then taking a little cloak from under her shawl, she said, "Here, I will give you this cloak, for I have no further use for it. Whenever you throw it over your shoulders it will make you invisible. By its aid you can easily follow the king's daughters as they go to their dance."

Her good wishes gave the soldier courage. So he at once went before the king and told him he should like to try to find out the secret of the dancing-shoes.

The king was glad to see the soldier, who in the evening, at bedtime, was led to the little room. When the king's daughters went to bed the eldest brought to him a goblet of wine; but the soldier had tied a piece of sponge under his chin, so that as he put the cup to his lips the wine all ran into the sponge and he did not drink a drop. Then he lay down, and after a little while began to snore as if he were fast asleep.



When the twelve maidens heard him snoring they began to laugh, and the eldest said, "There is another goose who does not care for his life."

Then the maidens arose, put on their most beautiful dresses, and danced about for joy, all

except the youngest, who said, "I don't know why it is, but I feel as if something were going to happen."

"You are always afraid," cried the eldest daughter. "Do you think that after we have fooled so many king's sons we shall not be able to take care of this stupid soldier?"

When the princesses were all ready they came in and looked at the man, but he had his eyes closed tight and he did not move.

So they thought that he was surely sound asleep.

Then the eldest daughter went up to her bed and struck it gently. All at once it began to sink down into the earth; down, down it went, until a flight of stairs was seen leading into the darkness.

As the daughters of the king, one by one, went down the stairs the soldier jumped out of bed, threw on his magic cloak, and followed them. About half-way down he trod lightly on the dress of the youngest princess, which so frightened her that she cried aloud, "What was that? Who was pulling my dress?"

"Don't be foolish," said the eldest daughter, "your dress must have caught on a hook or something of that kind."

When they came to the bottom of the stairs the soldier saw bright green fields through which ran a road with beautiful shady trees on either side. The trees had silver leaves which shone and sparkled in the light of many tiny lamps.

"Well," thought the soldier, "I must take a proof of all this to the king." So he broke off a branch with its sparkling leaves.

As he did this the branch gave such a crack that the youngest princess cried, "I am sure there is something wrong! Did you hear that noise?"

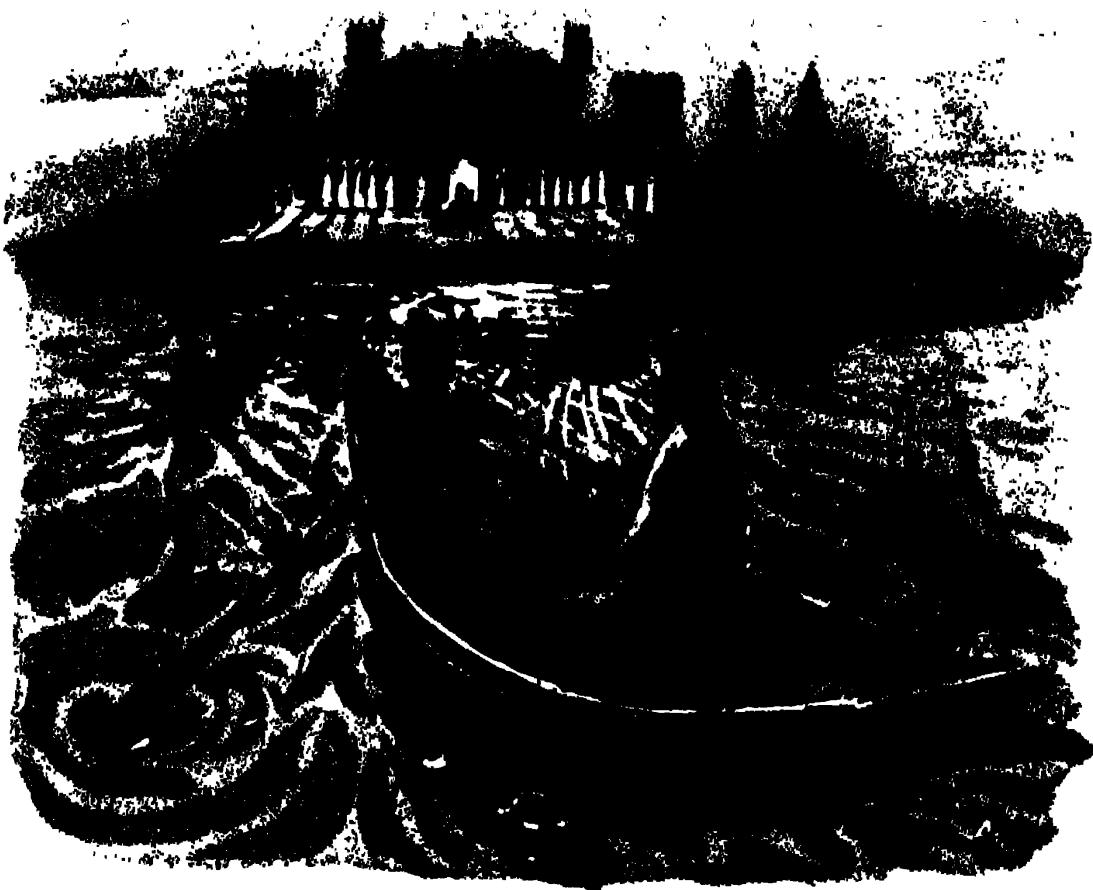
"That was nothing," said the eldest sister, "but a gun fired in our honour by the princes."

They went on until they came to another street, where the trees had leaves of gold; and still farther on they came to a third street, where the leaves sparkled with diamonds. From each of these trees the soldier broke off branches, and the youngest daughter, when she heard them crack, was again afraid, but the eldest sister still thought they were nothing but guns.

Before long they came to the shore of a lake, on which lay twelve pretty little boats, and in each boat sat a handsome young prince. As the twelve maidens came up they took seats in the twelve little boats.

Now the soldier, all unseen, took his seat in the boat with the youngest princess. When the prince rowed away he said, "I do not see why this boat should row so hard; I cannot keep up with the rest."

"Perhaps you are not so strong as they," answered the princess, and the prince said no more.



The soldier now saw before him, on the other side of the lake, a splendid castle bright with lights, and he heard strains of sweet music coming over the water.

When all had landed they went to the ballroom, where the maidens were soon dancing with life and spirit.



The soldier, wearing his little cloak, danced among them unseen, and often when a glass of wine was brought and placed on the table he would drink it while no one was looking. The glass was found empty so often that the youngest princess could not help feeling that something was wrong, but the others only made fun of her.

The maidens danced and danced until all their shoes were quite worn out. Then the princes rowed them back again over the lake, and the soldier went as before, unseen.

As soon as they reached the shore the soldier jumped out, ran quickly up the stairway to his room, and leaped into bed. When the maidens came slowly up the stairs they all heard him snoring loudly, and the eldest said, "At least there is no danger from him."

So they took off their beautiful clothes and soon were fast asleep.

Now the soldier did not say a word of what he had seen, for he wished to go again to hear the music and see the beautiful castle across the lake. So he went with the twelve princesses on the second night and again on the third night, and each time they danced until their shoes were quite worn out. On the third night the soldier took a golden cup as further proof of what he had seen.

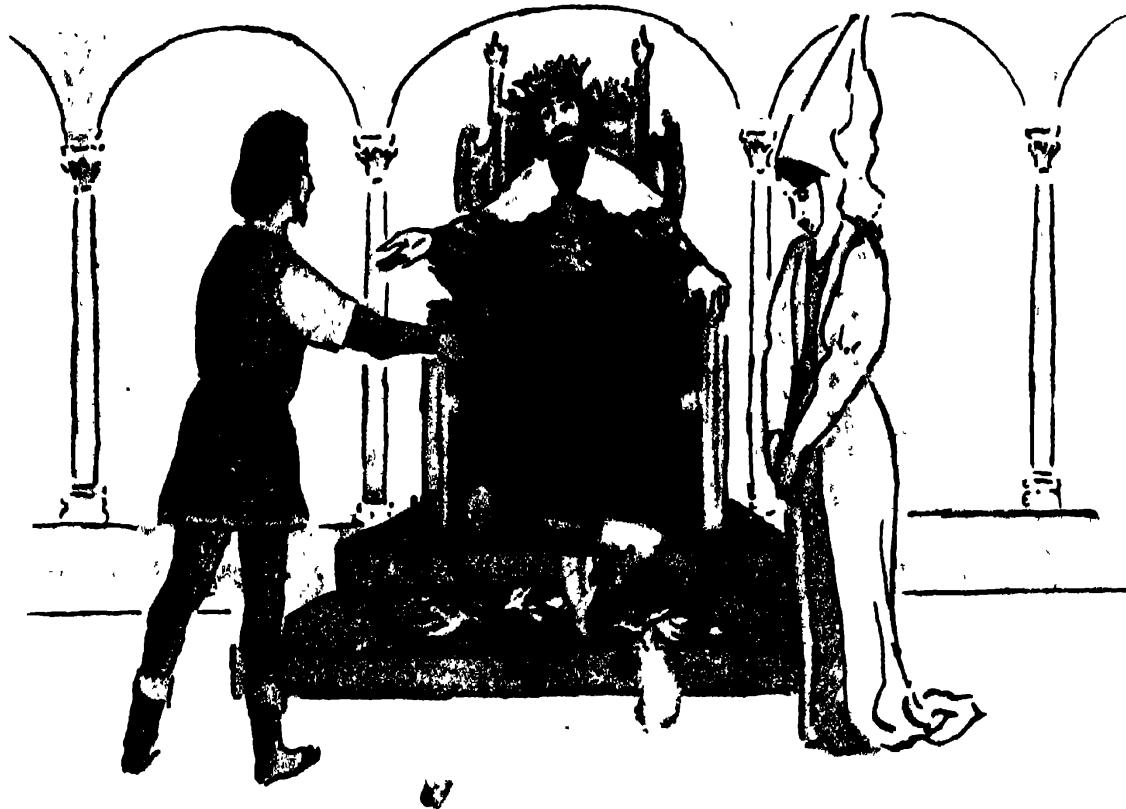
The next morning the soldier came before the king, bearing the three branches which he had broken off and the golden cup. The king then said, "How is it, sir, that my daughters have worn out their dancing-shoes each night while you have been watching?"

"By dancing with twelve princes," answered the soldier, "in a castle built under the ground."

Then the soldier told the king all he had seen and gave him as proof the three branches and the golden cup.

When he had heard the soldier's story the king sent for his daughters and asked them if what the soldier had said was true. They saw at once that they had been found out, and they could deny nothing. Then the king asked the soldier which one of the twelve princesses he would take for his wife, and the soldier answered, "As I am no longer young, I will take your eldest daughter."

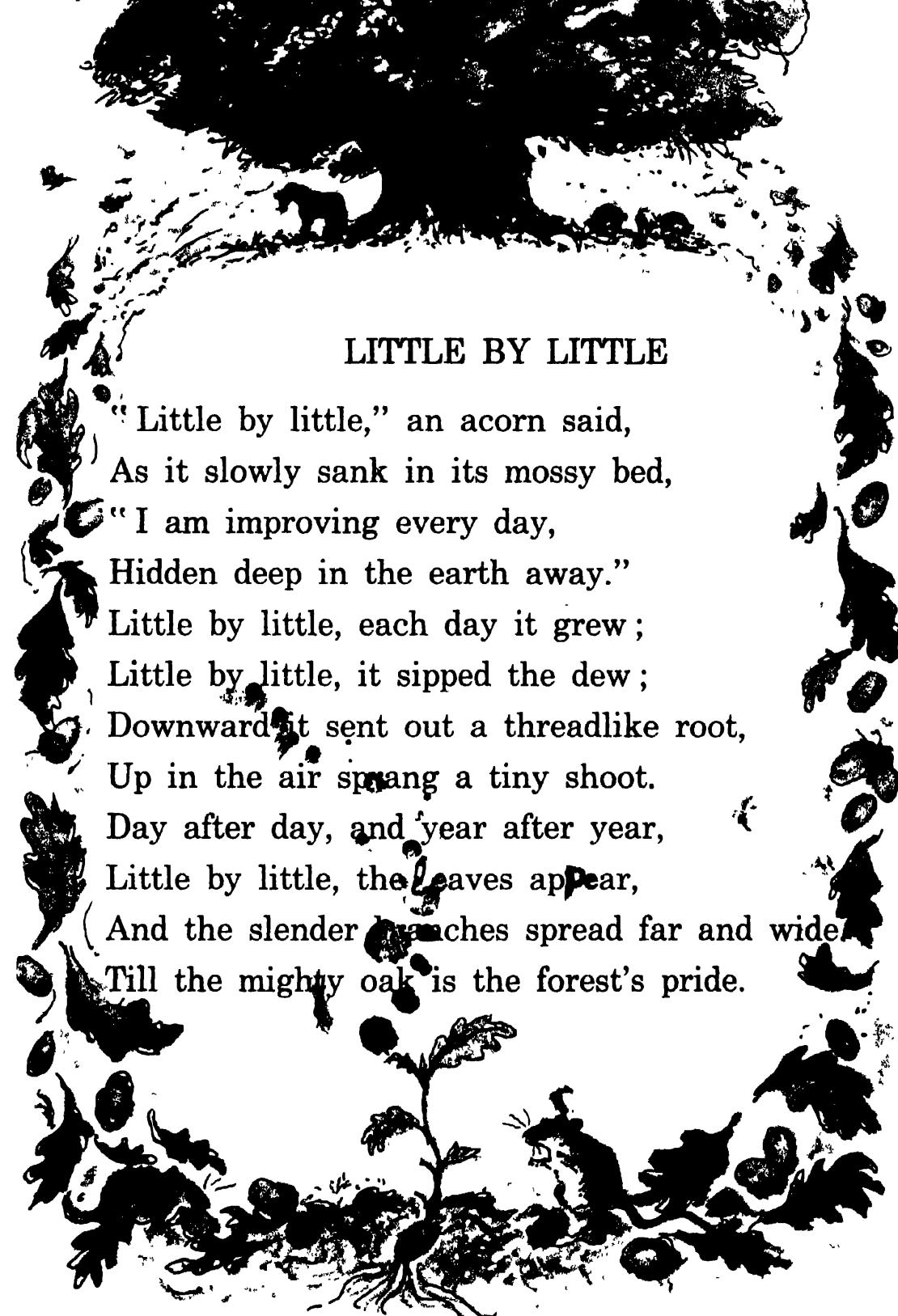
So the soldier married the eldest princess, and when her father died he himself became ruler over the whole kingdom.





LITTLE BY LITTLE

“Little by little,” an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
“I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.”
Little by little, each day it grew;
Little by little, it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a threadlike root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little, the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest’s pride.





GRUMBLE AND CHEERY

Grumble and Cheery were two millers who kept a large mill. Everyone looked upon Cheery as the kindest, merriest fellow alive. But Grumble had very few friends, for he always found fault with the times, the weather, the mill, Mrs. Grumble, or with his partner, Cheery.

Bad luck seemed to fall thicker on Grumble than on anyone else. If it had not been for Cheery, bread and cheese would have been scarce at the mill ; for Grumble's only delight seemed to be to stroll about with his hands in his pockets, doing nothing but grumble, grumble, grumble.

One bright morning Cheery and Grumble set off to buy a horse. Their path ran along the side of a rocky hill where there was a small, narrow cave. As they drew near, two or three very shrill voices screamed out, "Please, master, let us out ! Let us out ! Let us out !"

"Get out as you got in !" shouted Grumble ; but Cheery said, "Nay, Grumble ; if we do not help one another, how shall we live ?"

Then Cheery, turning toward the mouth of the cave, found that a great stone had rolled down

close against it, so that no one could get either in or out. He set his shoulder against the stone and called loudly to those inside, saying, "Push, push away, my fine fellows!" At length, little by little, the great stone began to move, until the mouth of the cave was open.



Out walked three fat little old men, the queerest fellows ever seen, with long hair, long noses, long chins, and very long hands. As they came out they danced and jumped about like so many young frogs. They were still jumping, when one of them cried out, "Stop! Stop! Where is Master Cheery, the one who let us out?"

Then turning to Cheery, who stood by, he said, "I promise you that the horse you shall buy at market shall have the speed of the wind."

"And I say," said the second, "that the horse shall never tire, no matter how hard he may work." And the third little old man promised that after three years' service the horse should run away with all the ill luck in the house. As he finished, the three little men scampered back into the cave, singing,

"A smiling face and a helping hand
Outweigh the riches of all the land."

Cheery laughed loud and long at the little men's promises, and Grumble muttered, "Ah! Promises are easy payment. It's a pity they hadn't better thanks in their pockets."

On the two millers trudged to market. But when they got there they found so many horses on sale that Cheery could not make up his mind which to buy; while as for Grumble, you may be sure that he did not help in the least, but managed to find some fault with every one of them.

After they had wandered about nearly half the day, unable to make up their minds, an odd, grim-looking little old man came up to Cheery and said, "If you are looking for a pony, sir, I have a fine one that I will sell very cheap."

Cheery looked at the pony, which was as sleek and as fat as could be, and made up his mind at once. Grumble said that the pony was much too

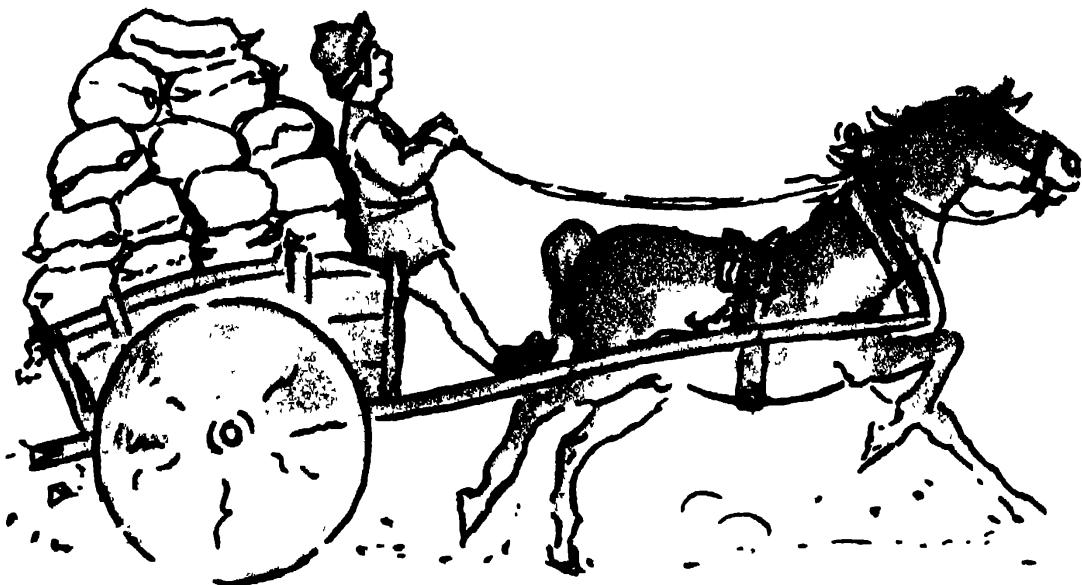
fat for work ; that it was plain he could not be strong ; that he had a wicked eye ; that his hind legs were crooked. Here the pony gave him such a switch with his tail, that Grumble clapped his hands to his mouth and held his tongue.



Cheery bought the pony and paid twenty gold pieces down for him. So home they went, Grumble still grumbling, and Cheery better pleased with his pony every step he took.

The next morning, when Cheery went to feed the pony, there, in the manger, lay the twenty gold pieces, the very same that Cheery had paid the day before.

From that time all went well at the mill. The flour was always the earliest in the market and brought the highest price. The pony took more sacks upon his back than three horses could carry. Cheery bought a cart, and let him fill it as heavily as he would, the pony trotted on and on, seeming as fresh after a day's work as when he was first taken out of the stable.



In a year's time Cheery married a merry little wife as lively and kindly as himself. Indeed, things went on so very well that Grumble got worse-tempered than ever at having nothing to find fault with. Above all things he hated the pony; for it happened that one day when Grumble tried to ride him the pony ducked him in the pond, dragged him through the briars, and soused him at last in a ditch.

After three years Cheery grew so rich that he and Grumble became the head men of the town.

In spite of their good fortune Grumble had never forgiven the pony ; and one night he took it into his head to run down to the stable, take the pony out, and kill him in some field far away. He had thought often and often how to harm the pony, but so far all his plans had failed. Sometimes people were in the way ; at other times the pony was in the fields, or Cheery had the key of the stable. But this night Grumble had the key himself.



It was dark and rainy, and so down he went, creeping along until he reached the stable door. The instant he opened it, out rushed the same three little fat old men whom he and Cheery had met on their way to market, and who had promised so much about the pony.



As soon as they saw Grumble they set up a shout and poked at him with their sticks. Then they danced and laughed, and they pinched and kicked him without mercy. Here they beat him, there they pushed him, and at last they bound him hand and foot so that he could not move even a finger. Then placing him on the pony's back, they told the cross miller that he was all the "ill luck" there was in the house, and ordered the pony to scamper round and round the world until he was told to stop.

Away went the pony at a quick, shaking trot, with Grumble tied on his back, and soon they were out of sight. Then the three little men danced out of the stable, and all again was still.

In the morning Grumble could not be found, and the pony was not in his stall. An old dame said she thought she had seen Grumble riding through the village the night before. Days passed, weeks passed, months passed, and nothing was heard of either Grumble or the pony. They never returned again to the mill, but sometimes a tale was spread in the village that the pony had been seen trotting through, with Grumble on his back. It was noticed that whenever this happened things went wrong.



At one of Grumble's visits to the village the milk in the dairy turned sour; at another visit all the boys and girls were frightened by a bull; at a third visit, which was just before Christmas, no mistletoe could be found anywhere. In short, whenever anybody said he had seen Grumble some ill luck was found to have happened just at

that very time. At last, whenever things went wrong in the village, people said, "Grumble must have been riding through."

As for Cheery, after he had got over the loss of the pony he became gay, glad, and thriving; and his merry little wife and his merry little children made his home as happy as anyone could wish.





THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

One fine summer morning a little tailor sat at work in an open window, with his legs crossed. Now this little man liked good things to eat, and when a farmer's wife came down the street crying, "Sweet jam for sale! Sweet jam for sale!" the tailor stuck his head out of the window and said, "Come up here, my good woman. I wish to buy some of your jam."

The woman climbed up the three steps with her heavy basket and soon had her goods spread out before the hungry tailor. As he smelt first this jam and then that, the woman thought he would surely buy many jars of it.

But after waiting a long time the tailor at last said, "I think I will have a quarter of a pound of this strawberry jam. It smells very good." The woman thought he had taken a long time to buy so little jam, and she went away with her heavy basket, feeling quite cross and angry.

"Ah," cried the tailor, "how I shall enjoy this sweet jam! The very thought of it makes me strong." Then he took down some bread from a shelf, cut off a large slice, and spread it thick with

jam. "How good that looks!" he said; "but before I take even a bite I must finish this coat." Then he put the bread on a chair close by, and seating himself, he sewed away as busily as could be.



Now there were many flies in the room, and as the smell of the jam filled the air they flew down in swarms to get a taste of the little man's supper.

"Halloo," cried the tailor, "who invited you?" and he drove them away.

It was no use; the flies would not stay away, but came back in even greater numbers than before. At last the tailor could stand it no longer, and taking a piece of cloth, he made a great dash at the flies. Lo! When he looked he found that he had killed seven.

"Ah," he cried, "what a brave fellow I am to have killed seven at one stroke! I will not hide it; the whole town shall know how brave I am."

So in great haste he cut out a belt for himself and stitched on it in big black letters, "Seven at one stroke!"

"Not only the town," he then said, "but the whole world shall know of it!" And he patted himself and swelled out like a turkeycock.

The little tailor tied the belt round his waist, and putting an old cheese in his pocket, he shut up his little shop and started bravely out to see the world.



As he walked along he found a poor little bird caught in the bushes. He lifted it out and with great care put that also in his pocket.

Then the little tailor went on again and soon came to a high mountain. When he had climbed to the top, there, quite at his ease, sat a great giant, who looked at him in a friendly way.



The brave little tailor walked right up to the giant and said, "Good morning, my friend. Upon my word, you have a fine view of the world from here, but I am on my travels to see if I can find good luck. Would you not like to go with me ? "

The giant looked down on the little tailor and said, " You little imp ! What, go with you ? Why, you are no more than a mouthful."

" Stop," cried the tailor, " not so fast ! " and opening his coat, he pointed to the words on his belt. " If you can read, that will show you how much of a man I am."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" and thinking it must have been seven men whom the tailor had killed, he looked upon the little man with more respect.

"Well, now, I will try you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" Then he took up a large stone and squeezed it so hard that a few drops of water came from it.

"That is nothing," cried the tailor, "that is only play for me!" and taking the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the water ran out in a stream. At the same time he cried, "Beat that if you can!"

The giant did not know what to say, but he took up another stone and threw it so high that it went almost out of sight.

"That is very well done," said the tailor, "but your stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up and it shall not come down again." So he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out the bird, threw it far up into the air. At once the bird rose higher than the giant's stone and soon was out of sight.

"What do you think of that, my friend?" said the tailor.

"You can throw well," answered the giant, "but I should like to see if you can lift as well

as you can throw." And he led the little tailor to a forest where lay a great oak tree that had been blown down by the wind.

"Now, then," he said, "if you are as strong as you say, help me carry this tree out of the forest."

"Very well," answered the tailor, "you may take the trunk on your back and let me take the leaves and branches; they are heavier."



Then the giant lifted the trunk on his back, but the little tailor took his seat among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had to carry the whole tree and the tailor besides.

Our little friend was so merry that he sang as he went along. Soon the load grew too heavy for the giant, and at last he said, "I cannot go a step farther, do you hear? I shall let the trunk fall."

At once the tailor sprang lightly down, took hold of the tree with both hands, and said, "Well, you can't be so very strong if you are not able to carry a little tree like this."

Then the giant said to him, "Since you are so strong, you had better come home with me to my cave and stay for the night."

When they reached the cave there sat two other giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.



The little tailor sat down, and as he watched them, he thought, "Well, this is a sight worth coming a long way to see."

Then the giant showed him his bed, but it was so large and hard that the tailor soon got up, crept into a corner, and there went to sleep.

When all was still the giant arose and struck the little tailor's bed such a heavy blow that it was broken in two.

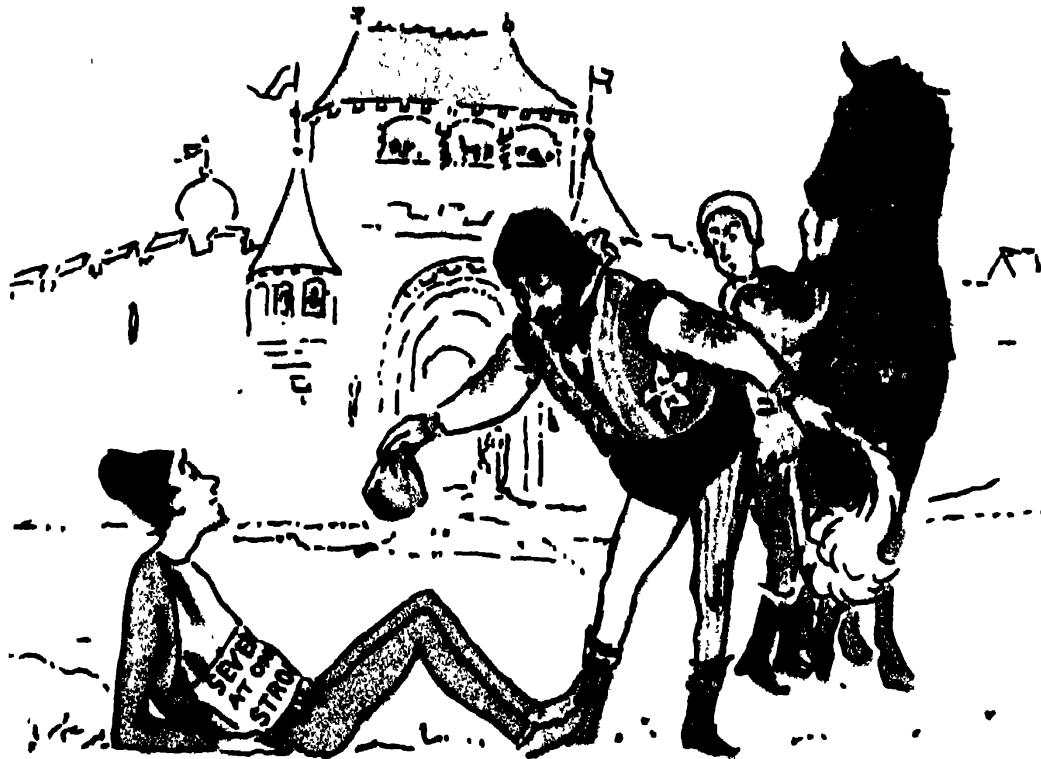
"Ah," thought the huge fellow, "I have killed you, little grasshopper; you will play no more tricks on me."

The next morning the giants did not give the little tailor a thought, but went off into the wood. So when they saw him walking up, as brave as ever, they supposed that he had come to life again. Knowing that he could kill seven at one stroke, the giants at once took to their heels and ran away so fast that they were soon out of sight.

Then the little man went on until he came to the gates of a king's castle, where, tired out with his long walk, he lay down on the grass and fell fast asleep.

While he lay there some of the king's men passed by and read on his belt the words, "Seven at one stroke!" "Ah," they cried, "what can a man like this be doing here in time of peace? He must be a great hero."

So they ran and told the king, who said, "He must indeed be a great man. Go out and sit by his side, and when he wakes give him this bag of gold and tell him that I should like to make him a general in my army."



The king's men did as they were ordered, and when the little tailor awoke they told him what the king had said.

"Ah, yes," cried the little man, "that is why I came. I should indeed be glad to join the king's army."

Then the king gave him a room in the castle, and he had fine clothes to wear. But the rest of the king's soldiers did not like the little tailor. "For," they said, "if we should have a fight with him, what would he not do to us—a man who can kill seven at a single stroke?" So they went to the king and told him that they would leave his army unless he sent away the brave little tailor at once.

Now the king did not like to lose all his old soldiers, and began to wish that he had never seen the tailor, but he did not know how to get rid of him.

"For," he thought, "what if the little man should become angry? He might kill us all and make himself king."

At last the king thought of a plan, so he sent for the tailor and said, "In a forest not far from here live two cruel giants. They are robbers and very wicked, but no one dares to go near them for fear of being killed. If you will rid my land of these wicked monsters, I will give you my daughter for a wife and half of my kingdom. You shall also have one hundred horsemen to help you in any way that you may wish."

"Well," answered the tailor, "this seems a fair offer, and I will do it for you, though a man who has killed seven at one stroke has little need of one hundred horsemen."

However, the tailor took his hundred horsemen and set boldly out to find the giants. When he came to the edge of the wood he ordered the horsemen to stay where they were. This they were very glad to do, and he went on to fight the giants alone.

After a while the little tailor found the two giants lying fast asleep under a tree and snoring

so loudly that the leaves above them rattled and shook.

The little tailor at once set to work. He quickly filled both his pockets full of large stones. Then he climbed up into the tree, and creeping out over the first giant, he let fall one big stone after another.



At last the giant awoke. "What do you mean by hitting me like that?" he shouted in a great voice.

"You were dreaming," said the other giant; "I never touched you." And soon they were both asleep again.

Then the little tailor dropped a very heavy stone upon the second giant, who woke up in a

rage and cried, " You are striking me now ! What do you mean by it ? "

" I never struck you," said the first giant, with a roar.

By this time they were both very angry indeed and shook their fists at each other, but at last they lay down again and went to sleep.

As soon as their eyes were closed the tailor dropped the largest stone he could find upon the head of the first giant.

" This is too much ! " he cried and struck the other giant so hard a blow that the ground shook.

Then the second giant gave him a blow, and the battle went on for hours. They pulled up huge trees, they threw rocks at each other, and the fight only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.



Then down jumped the little tailor from his tree, and drawing his sword, he gave a loud shout and ran quickly to the horsemen on the edge of the wood.



“I have done it,” he said ; “they are both dead. It was no easy task, I can tell you, for they even pulled up trees they were so angry ; but what could they do against a man who has killed seven at one stroke ?”

“Are you not hurt ?” asked one of the horsemen.

“Not in the least,” answered the tailor.

And when the soldiers saw the two giants lying on the ground, they thought that the little tailor was a very brave man indeed.

Then the little tailor came before the king to claim his princess and half the kingdom, but the king said, "One thing more you must do before you can have your bride. In the great forest behind the castle there lives a wild boar, so large that none of my men will go out to hunt him. As soon as you have killed this beast for me, you shall surely have the princess."

"Why, that is nothing," answered the tailor. "I can do that as well as not." So he set out at once for the forest, but he left the horsemen outside just as he had done before.



As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor he flew at him and would have thrown him to the ground, but the tailor was too quick for him and darted into a little church which stood near. The boar rushed in after him, but the brave

little tailor had already jumped out of a window. Then running around to the front of the church, he quickly slammed the door and locked the boar in.

When the horsemen came and saw the prize they thought the little tailor was the bravest man in the world.

This time the king had to keep his word whether he liked it or not, and he gave to the brave little tailor the princess and half of his kingdom.





ZADIG

There lived at Babylon, in the reign of King Moabdar, a young man named Zadig.

One day as Zadig was walking near a little wood he saw one of the king's servants coming toward him, followed by several officers of high rank.

They ran rapidly to and fro like men eagerly searching for something of great value which they had lost.

"Young man," said the first servant, "have you seen the queen's dog?"

"Is the queen's dog a very small spaniel," asked Zadig, "and does he limp just a little with the left forefoot, and has he very long ears indeed?"

"Ah! you have seen him," said the servant, quite out of breath. "That is the queen's dog exactly."

"No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen him, nor did I so much as know that the good queen had a dog."

Now it also happened at the same time that the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from his keeper and had run away on the plains of Babylon. The chief huntsman and all the other

officers ran in search of him, but he could not be found.

At last the chief huntsman met Zadig and asked, "Have you seen the king's horse pass this way?"

"Is he the fleetest horse in the king's stable?" asked Zadig.

"Yes," said the huntsman.

"Is he five feet high, with very small hoofs?" inquired Zadig.

"Yes, yes," said the huntsman, "that is the king's horse."

"And are the rings of his bit made of pure gold, and are his shoes made of silver?"

"Which way did he go?" demanded the chief huntsman.

"I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and, to tell the truth, I never heard of the king's horse before."

The chief huntsman and the first servant did not doubt that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's dog, for how else could he describe them so exactly?

They took him, therefore, before the judge, who ordered him to be shut up in prison for the rest of his life.

Hardly had Zadig entered the prison when both the horse and the spaniel were found, so the

judge was obliged to let Zadig go free, but first he had to pay a heavy fine.

Now the king and queen heard the tale and wondered at it, so they had Zadig brought before them at the castle and ordered him to tell his story.



Zadig, bowing low before the king and queen, spoke thus, "Ye Stars of Justice, since I am permitted to speak, I swear to you that I have never seen the queen's good spaniel nor the sacred horse of the King of Kings. The truth of the matter is as follows :

"I was walking toward the little wood where I later met the queen's servant and the noble chief huntsman. I noticed on the sand the tracks of an animal and could easily see that they were made by a little dog. On either side of the track were light lines, where the sand had been gently brushed. These showed me that the little dog had very long ears, which touched the sand. I saw, also, that always the tracks made by one of the feet were lighter than those made by the other three, which taught me at once that the spaniel of our noble queen was a little lame in one of his front feet.

"With regard to the horse of the King of Kings, you will be pleased to know that, walking in the lanes of this wood, I saw the marks of a horse's shoes, all at the same distance apart. 'This must be a horse that trots evenly and fast,' said I to myself. I noticed, too, where the horse passed under the limb of a tree five feet from the ground, that the leaves on the branch were newly fallen ; from which I judged that the horse had knocked them off, and that he must therefore be five feet in height.

"As to his bit, I knew it must be pure gold, for in eating grass beside the path he had rubbed its edges against a stone, and I saw at once that it was of the purest metal. Also I knew his shoes to

be of silver, for where they had touched the rough stones of the road a bit of the bright metal had been rubbed off."

Both the king and queen admired Zadig for the sharpness of his wit and for his great learning. Before he left their court they presented him with many rich gifts.





THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

One winter night when all the plain was white with moonlight there galloped across it a great, tall, black horse. Its rider was a man, also big and black. He carried before him on the saddle a woman and a child.

The woman was to live in a lonely tower with the child. That she might take the greatest care of him, she was only allowed to live as long as he lived, not a minute longer.

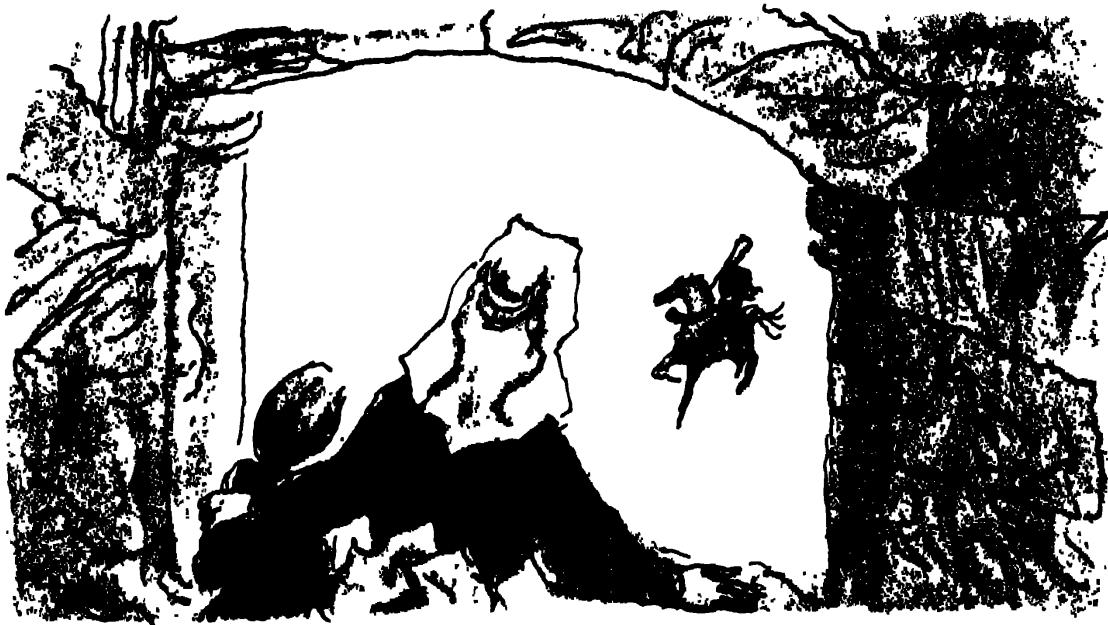
He was a gentle little boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile. He had become very tired with his long journey. He held tightly to the man's neck, and the man's face, black as it was, looked kindly at him. He was very helpless, with his poor crippled legs which could neither stand nor run away.

The forlorn boy was Prince Dolor. He had been sent away from his home under charge of these two, the woman and the black man. The man was deaf and dumb, so that he could neither hear nor repeat anything.

When they reached the tower there was light enough to see a huge chain which hung half-way down the side of the wall. The deaf-mute lifted a

kind of ladder to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower and with a long rope let down a chair. In this the woman and child placed themselves and were drawn up safely. They were never to come down again as long as they lived.

Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces, and placed it in his pack. Then he rode away across the plain.



Every month the boy and the woman used to watch for the black horse and its rider, and they never failed to come. Each time the great black man fastened his horse at the foot of the tower and climbed up as before. He brought food, books, toys, and many other things. He always saw the prince, in order to make sure that the child was alive and well. Then he went away until the following month.

While he was only a little child Prince Dolor was happy enough. There was nobody to tease him or annoy him, and he was never ill. He played about from room to room. There were four of these—parlour, kitchen, his nurse's bedroom, and his own. He learned to crawl like a fly and to jump like a frog and to run about on all fours almost as fast as a puppy.

As Prince Dolor grew older he liked to sit quietly by himself. He would look out of the windows and watch the sky above and the ground below. He saw the storms sweeping over and the sunshine coming and going and the shadows of the clouds running races across the plain.

By and by the little prince began to learn lessons. His nurse had not been told to teach him, but she did it partly to amuse herself. She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy. His cry, "What can I do? What can you find for me to do?" was then stopped, at least for an hour or two in the day.

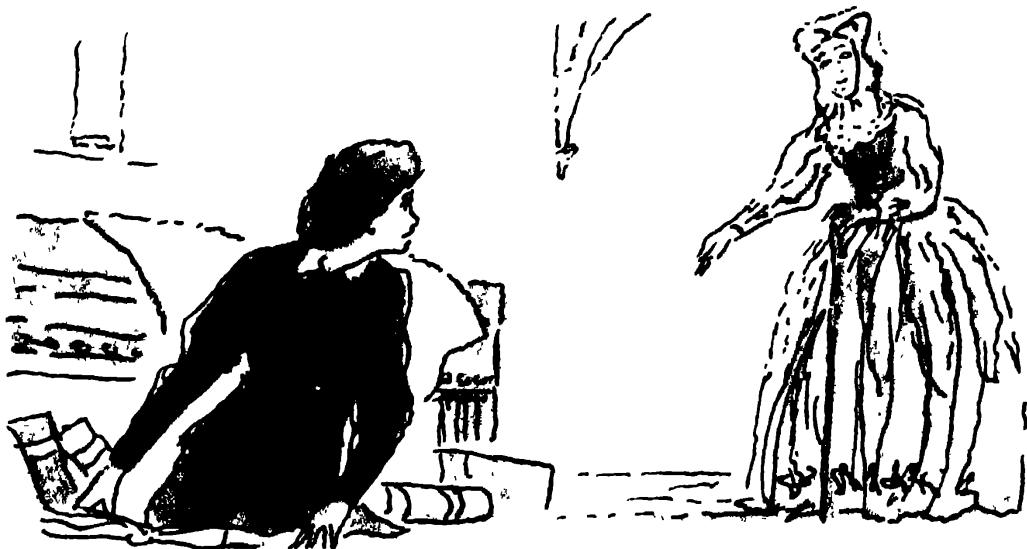
From that time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin and to shut himself up for hours without speaking. His nurse had been forbidden to tell him who he was or what he might have been. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in books. He

used to think if he could only fly out of the window, up to the sky or down to the plain, what fun it would be !

His nurse had once told him in anger that he would never leave the tower until he died.

“ I wish I had somebody to tell me all about everything,” he thought one day, “ a real live person, who would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody dreadfully ! ”

Just then there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as if made by a stick or a cane. Twisting himself round, he saw—what do you think he saw ?



A little woman, no bigger than he might have been had his legs grown like those of other children. But she was not a child ; she was an old woman. Her hair was gray, her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved.

She dropped her cane, held out two tiny hands, and said, "My own little boy, I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me. Now that you do want me, here I am."

"You are very welcome," replied the prince, trying to speak politely, as princes always do in books. "May I ask who you are—perhaps my mother?" He knew that little boys usually had mothers and had wondered what had become of his own.

"No," said the visitor, "I am not your mother, though she was a dear friend of mine. You are very much like her."

"Will you tell her to come to see me, then?"

"She cannot; but I dare say she knows all about you. She loves you very much, and so do I. I want to help you all I can, my poor little boy."

"Why do you call me poor?" asked Prince Dolor in surprise.

The little old woman glanced down at his legs and feet. He did not know that they were different from those of other children. Then she looked at his sweet, bright face. It was very different from many children's faces, which are often fretful and cross.

"I beg your pardon, my dear little prince," said she.

"Yes, I am a prince, and my name is Dolor. Will you tell me yours?"

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have so many names that I don't know which to choose. However, I gave you yours, and you will belong to me all your days. I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little prince, "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me? I have all kinds of toys and things."

So they sat down and played together. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"No, godmother; I have plenty to eat and drink, and my lessons to do, and my books to read—lots of books."

"And you want nothing?"

"Nothing. Yes, perhaps, if you please, godmother, could you bring me just one more thing?"

"What sort of thing?"

"A little boy to play with."

The little old woman looked very sad. "Just the thing which I cannot give you. My child, I

cannot change your lot in any way, but I can help you to bear it."

"Thank you. But why do you talk of bearing it? I have nothing to bear."

"My poor little man!" said the old woman. And she took him in her arms and kissed him many times.

By and by the child kissed her and cried out, "Promise me that you will never, never go away."

"I must go," she replied, "but I will leave a present behind me; something as good as myself to amuse you. It will take you wherever you want to go."

"What is it?"

"A travelling-cloak."

The prince's face fell. "I am sure it is very kind of you, but I don't need a cloak, for I never go out. I can't walk, you know."



"The more reason why you should ride. Here is the cloak. Spread it out on the floor and wait until the edges turn up all round like a rim. Then go and open the skylight. Seat yourself in the middle of the cloak, like a frog on a waterlily leaf, and say, 'Abracadabra, dum dum dum !' When you want to come back again, say, 'Abracadabra, tum tum ti !' That's all. Good-bye."

And what of the travelling-cloak ? Of what use was it to the prince ?

When he had untied all the knots, the cloak began to unfold and then laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed. But the rim turned up all round. It had become large enough for one person to sit in it as if in a boat.

With one of his active leaps, the prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak. He wrapped his arms around his knees, for they shook a little, and his heart beat fast. There he sat, waiting for what might happen next.

The cloak rose slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then higher and higher until it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not cried out, "Oh, please don't hurt me ! "

Then he remembered his godmother's command to open the skylight. He lifted his head and began

searching for the bolt, while the cloak remained perfectly still. The minute the window was opened, out the cloak sailed—right out into the clear, fresh air.

“I wonder,” he thought, “whether I could see better through a pair of glasses like those nurse reads with. I would take care of them, if I only had a pair.” At once he felt something hard fixing itself to the bridge of his nose. It was a pair of the prettiest gold spectacles ever seen.



Looking downward, he found that he could see every blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower, even the insects that walked over them. Just to rest his eyes, he turned them up to the sky. A long, black, wavy line moved on in the distance

as if it were alive. He looked at it through his spectacles. It proved to be a long string of birds flying one after the other.

"They must be the swallows flying seaward," cried the boy. "How I should like to look at them closely and to know where they come from and where they are going!"

The cloak gave a sudden bound forward. At once Prince Dolor found himself in the very midst of that band of travellers.

"Oh, I wish I were going with you!" he cried. "I'm getting tired of this dull plain and the lonely tower. I do so want to see the world. Pretty swallows, dear swallows, tell me what it looks like, the beautiful, wonderful world!"

The boy looked after them with envy. He followed with his eyes the faint, wavy line as it floated away until it vanished out of sight.

Through his wonderful spectacles the prince could see everything, but it was a silent picture. He was too high up to hear anything except a faint murmur.

"I have as good as two pair of eyes," he thought. "I wonder if my godmother would give me a second pair of ears."

Scarcely had he spoken when he found lying on his lap a little box all done up in silvery paper.

It contained a pair of silver ears. They fitted exactly over his own. He hardly felt them, except for the difference they made in his hearing.

There are sounds that we listen to daily and never notice. Prince Dolor, who had lived all his days in the dead silence of Hopeless Tower, now heard them for the first time. And oh, if you had seen his face!



He listened, listened, as if he could never have done listening. And he looked and looked, as if he could not gaze enough.

"Godmother," he said after a while, "all these beautiful birds and animals I like, but how I wish I might see a boy like myself. Couldn't you show me just one little boy?"

There was a sigh behind him. The cloak remained so long without moving that he was afraid his godmother was offended with him for asking too much.



Suddenly a shrill whistle startled him, even through his silver ears. Looking downward, he saw jump up from behind a bush, *something*—not a sheep or a horse or a cow, nothing upon four legs; this creature had only two, but they were long, straight, and strong. It had an active body and a curly head of black hair. It was a boy, a shepherd boy, about the prince's own age, but, oh, so different!

"Dear godmother," he cried, "might he come and play with me? I would drop down to the ground to him or fetch him up to me here. How nice it would be if I had a little boy to play with!"

There were some things which his godmother either could not or would not give. The cloak did not move, but hung high in the air.

The shepherd boy thought it was a large bird, and shading his eyes, looked up at it. His dog began to jump upon him, barking with delight.

“Down, Snap, down!” the prince heard him say. “Let’s warm ourselves by a race.” They started off together, the dog barking and the boy shouting. It was hard to tell which made the more noise or ran the faster.

Prince Dolor watched them for a while. Then the sweet, pale face grew paler, the lips began to quiver, and the eyes to fill.

“How good it must be to run like that!” he said softly. Never, no, never in this world would he be able to do the same. Now he understood what his godmother meant when she gave him his travelling-cloak. He knew why he had heard that sigh when he had asked to see “just one little boy.”

“I think I had rather not look at him again,” said the poor little prince.

He drew himself into the centre of his cloak and sat there with his arms wrapped round his feeble, useless legs. He placed himself so that he could see nothing but the sky. He took off his silver ears as well as his gold spectacles. What was the use of

either, when he had no legs with which to walk or run ?

Suddenly there rose from below a wonderful sound. It was the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground. At last it came close to Prince Dolor.

“ Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird ! ” cried he. “ I should dearly like to take you in ; that is, if I could—if I dared.”

The little brown creature with its clear, heavenly voice almost made him afraid : but it also made him happy, and he watched and listened until he forgot everything in the world except the little lark.

He was wondering if it would soar out of sight, when it closed its wings as larks do when they mean to drop to the ground. But instead of dropping to the ground, it dropped right into the little boy’s arms.

What a delight ! To have something that nobody else had, something all his own ! Prince Dolor forgot his grief and was entirely happy.

But when he came in sight of the tower he thought, “ My pretty bird, what am I to do with you ? If I shut you up in my room—you, a wild skylark of the air—what will become of you ? I am used to this, but you are not. Suppose my

nurse should find you ! She can't bear the sound of singing. I remember her once telling me that the nicest thing she ever ate in her life was lark pie ! ”

In another minute Prince Dolor had made up his mind, “ No, my bird, nothing so dreadful shall happen to you if I can help it. Good-bye, my merry, merry bird.” Opening his hands, he let the lark go. Away it flew, far up into the blue sky.

Prince Dolor ate his supper and went quietly to bed. Suddenly he heard outside the window a faint sweet carol. It was the dear little lark ! it had not flown away after all. Whenever the prince listened for a moment he could hear it singing still.

He went to sleep as happy as a king.





JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

In the days of King Alfred there lived a poor woman who had an only child named Jack. She had let him have his own way so much that he never paid the least attention to anything she said, and so he grew up to be a lazy and careless lad.

Although Jack was not a bad boy, little by little he spent all the money his mother had, until at length there was nothing left but her tiny house and a cow.

One day, for the first time in her life, she scolded Jack for what he had done. "Cruel, cruel boy ! You have at last made beggars of us," she said. "I have not money enough to buy even a bit of bread. There is nothing left but my poor cow ! I cannot bear to part with her, but we must sell her to get food to eat."

Seeing how sad his mother felt, Jack was sorry for what he had done, but soon he began to tease her to let him sell the cow at the next village. At length she gave her consent.

As Jack was going along he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell her.

The butcher held some strange-looking beans in his hat; they were of many colours and at once caught Jack's eye. The butcher saw that Jack wanted them and offered to give all the beans in his hat in exchange for the cow.

The silly boy could not hide the pleasure he felt at this offer. The bargain was soon made, and the cow was exchanged for a hatful of queer-looking beans.

Jack ran home as fast as his legs would carry him. He called aloud to his mother before he reached the door.



When Jack's mother heard his story and saw what he had taken in exchange for the cow, she was so angry that she tossed the beans out of the window. Then she threw her apron over her head and cried bitterly.

Jack awoke early the next morning, and seeing that something darkened the window of his room, he ran downstairs into the garden. What was his surprise to find that the beans had taken root and had grown up like a huge tree! The stalks were of great size and had twined together until they formed a ladder which was so high that the top was lost in the clouds.

Jack was a bold lad, and he made up his mind to climb this strange ladder. He ran to tell his mother, but she ordered him not to go. She said it would break her heart if he did.

This did not change Jack's mind in the least, and waving good-bye to his weeping mother, he started to climb the beanstalk.



After climbing for many hours he at length reached the top. Looking round, he found himself in a strange country. It seemed to be a barren desert—not a tree, shrub, house, or living thing was to be seen.

Jack walked along hoping to find a place where he might get something to eat and drink, but instead he met a beautiful lady. She wore a dress wonderful to behold, and in her hand she carried a white wand, at the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.



Jack, who was a brave fellow, went straight up to her. She greeted him with a smile and asked him how he came there. Then he told her all about the wonderful beans and how the beanstalk had grown overnight.

When Jack had finished his story the beautiful lady said, "Do you remember your father, my boy?"

"No, madam; but I am sure there was something strange in his story, for when I ask my mother about him she always begins to weep and will tell me nothing."

"She does not dare to speak of it," replied the lady, "but I can and will. For know, my boy, that I am a fairy and was your father's friend. But fairies as well as men must obey the law, and it happened that I lost my power for a time, so that I was unable to help your father when he most needed it."

Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her to tell him more.

"I will; only you must promise to obey me in everything, or you will surely die."

Jack was eager to hear the story, and so he promised.

The fairy went on, "Your father, Jack, was a very kind man. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money; but he had one misfortune, a false friend. This was a giant whom he had helped, and who returned his kindness by murdering him and seizing all his money.

“ This giant also told your mother that he would kill her unless she promised never to tell you anything about your father. Then he turned her away, with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world. I could not help her, as my power only came back to me on the day you went to sell your cow.

“ It was I who made you take the beans, who made the beanstalk grow, and who made you wish to climb up to this strange country.

“ Here lives the wicked giant who was your father’s enemy. It is you who must kill him and rid the world of a monster who never will do anything but evil. I will guide and help you. You may take his house and all his riches, for everything he has belonged at one time to your father.

“ Farewell, dear Jack !

“ Do not let your mother learn that you know your father’s story ; this is my command, and if you disobey me, you will suffer for it. Now go.”

Jack asked where he was to go.

“ Along the straight road, until you see the house where the giant lives. You must then act as you think best. I will guide you, if you have trouble. Farewell ! ”

Jack walked on until after sunset, when to his great joy he saw a large house. A plain-looking



woman was at the door. He begged her to give him a piece of bread and a night's lodging.

The woman was surprised to see Jack and said that never before had a human being called at her house, for it was well known that her husband was a powerful giant, who liked to eat human flesh better than anything else.

In spite of the woman's story about the horrible giant, Jack again urged her to take him in for one night only and hide him wherever she thought best.

At last, much against her will, the giant's wife took Jack into the house. They passed through

several immense rooms, and finally through a long hall, at the end of which was a huge iron grating.

From behind this, Jack heard the groans of the victims of the cruel giant.

Poor Jack was half dead with fear at the sound, and he would have given the world to have been with his mother again.

The giant's wife told Jack to sit down and gave him plenty to eat and drink. He soon forgot his fear and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he heard at the outer door a loud knocking, which made the whole house shake.

"Ah! that's my husband, and if he sees you, he will kill us both," cried the poor woman, trembling all over. "What shall I do?"

"Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, who was now as bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's murderer. So he crept into the oven, which was now empty and cold.

From his hiding-place Jack listened to the giant's loud voice and heavy step as he went up and down the kitchen, scolding his wife.

At last he seated himself at the table, and Jack, peeping through a crack in the oven, was amazed to see what a quantity of food he ate. It seemed as if he never would finish, but at last he leaned

back and called to his wife in a voice like thunder, " Bring me my hen ! " She obeyed and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

" Lay ! " roared the giant, and at the word the hen laid an egg of solid gold.

" Lay another ! " and every time the giant spoke the hen laid an egg larger than the one before.



The giant amused himself for a long time with his hen and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside.

As soon as Jack heard the giant's snores, which were like the rumbling of thunder, he crept out of the oven, tucked the hen under one arm, and ran off with her.

He got safely out of the house, and running back the same road by which he had come, he soon reached the top of the beanstalk. This he climbed down in safety, with the hen still under his arm.



Jack's mother was overjoyed to see him. She had feared that he was dead.

"Not a bit of it, mother. Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Now lay!" and the hen obeyed him as quickly as she had obeyed the giant and laid as many golden eggs as he wished.

When these eggs were sold Jack and his mother had plenty of money, and for nearly a year they lived very happily together.

At length Jack had a great longing to climb the beanstalk again and carry away more of the giant's riches. So one day he told his mother boldly that he must take another journey.

She begged him not to attempt it and tried every way she could think of to stop him. She told him that the giant's wife would be sure to know him again, and that the giant would kill him. But Jack bought a new coat and put something on his skin to colour it. He felt sure that the woman would not know him.



A few mornings later he rose very early, and unseen by anyone, climbed the beanstalk a second time.

After reaching the top he rested a little while and then went on his way toward the giant's castle, which he reached late in the evening.

The giant's wife was at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale and asked her to give him food and drink as well as a night's lodging.

The woman told him what he knew already very well—that her husband was a powerful and cruel giant. She also said that she had one night taken in a poor, hungry, friendless boy, who had stolen one of the giant's greatest treasures. Ever since then her husband had been even more cruel to her than before.

Jack felt sorry for her, yet he urged her again and again to let him in. This he found to be a very hard task indeed.

At last the giant's wife led the way into the castle, and Jack saw that everything was just as he had found it before.

She took him into the kitchen, and after he had finished eating and drinking she hid him in a cupboard.

The giant returned at the usual time and walked so heavily that the great house shook under his tread. Seating himself by the fire, he began to sniff this way and that with his huge red nose.

“Wife, I smell fresh meat!” he roared.

The wife replied that the crows had brought a piece of raw meat and had left it at the top of the house.

While his wife was getting supper the giant was very cross and blamed her for the loss of his wonderful hen.

At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me my harp or my moneybags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said the wife, humbly.

"My moneybags, because they are heavier to carry," he thundered.

She soon staggered in, bearing two huge bags filled with gold pieces. She emptied them out on the table in a great yellow heap, and at once the giant began to count them.



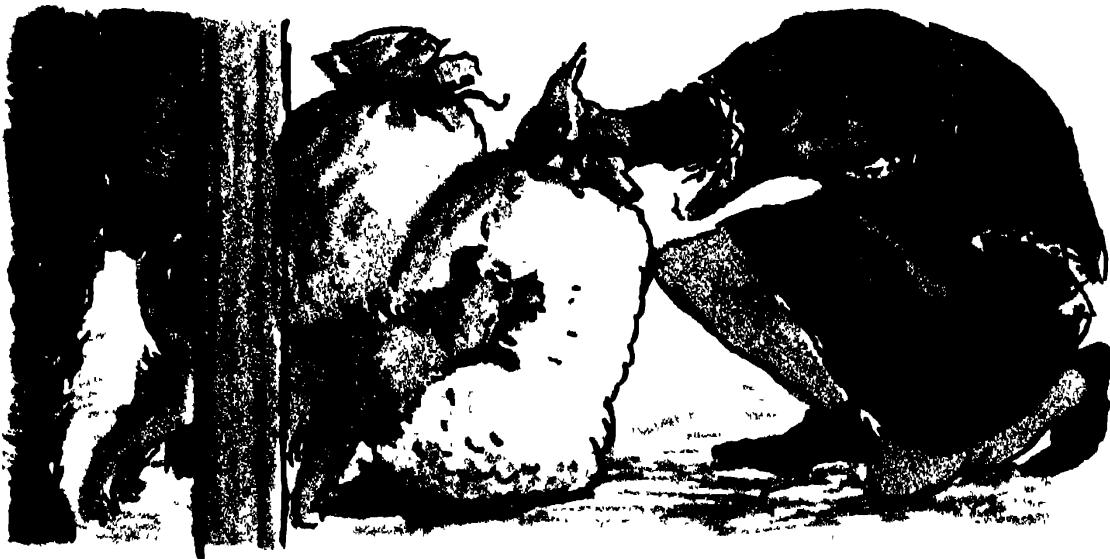
"Now you may go to bed," he said. So the wife crept away.

Jack, from his hiding place, watched the counting of the money, which he knew had belonged to his poor father.

At last the giant dropped the gold pieces one by one into the bags, which he tied up very carefully and put beside his chair.

After a while he fell asleep as before and snored so loudly that Jack thought it sounded like the roaring of the ocean.

Seeing that the giant was sound asleep, Jack stole out of his hiding place and crept towards the two bags of money. Just as he laid his hand upon one of them a little dog, which he had not seen before, started from under the giant's chair and began to bark.



Instead of trying to escape Jack stood still, though he expected his enemy to awake any instant; but the giant kept on snoring.

Seeing a piece of meat on the table, Jack threw it to the dog, who at once stopped barking. Then Jack went off with the bags, one on each shoulder, but they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to carry the gold down the beanstalk to his mother's cottage.

Jack's mother did not meet him at the door, and, full of fear, he went from room to room without being able to find anyone. He then ran into the village, hoping to see somebody who could help him find his mother.

At last an old woman led him to a house where his mother lay ill with a fever. Jack blamed himself as the cause of all her trouble, but the sight of her dear son soon made the poor woman well again.

With the two bags of gold Jack built a beautiful house for his mother, and for a long time they lived happily together.

For three years Jack talked no more of the beanstalk, yet he could not forget it. He wished to climb it again, but he knew that this would make his mother unhappy. At length he could stand it no longer, and so he began to make ready for his third trip up the beanstalk.

When summer came and the days were long Jack awoke one morning as soon as it was light. Then without telling his mother he began to climb

the beanstalk. This time he wore a new and strange-looking coat, and he had coloured his face so that he looked like an old man. .

Jack found everything just as it had been before. He arrived at the giant's castle in the evening and found the wife standing at the door.

She did not remember Jack at all, but when he begged for something to eat and drink and a night's lodging he found it very hard indeed to coax her to let him in.

At last she took pity on him, and Jack was hidden in a huge copper kettle.



When the giant returned he sniffed this way and that with his big nose and shouted, "I smell fresh meat!"

Suddenly he started up and looked in every corner of the room. Jack was filled with terror and wished himself at home a thousand times.

When the giant came to the copper kettle Jack thought his death was near, but the huge creature did not take the trouble to lift the lid.

The giant soon gave up his search, and sitting down by the fireside, began his enormous supper. He ate two sheep that had been roasted whole and drank nearly a barrelful of wine.



When he had finished he ordered his wife to fetch his harp. Jack  peeped from under the copper lid and saw her carrying a harp. Having placed it on the table the giant said, "Play!" and it played the most beautiful music.

Jack, who liked music, was more pleased with this wonderful harp than with anything else.

The music and the wine he had drunk put the giant to sleep earlier than usual. As for the wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

When Jack thought all was safe he jumped out of the copper kettle, and, seizing the harp, started off at top speed. But the harp was enchanted and called out as if it had been alive, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack running away as fast as his legs could carry him.



"Oh, it is you, is it, who have robbed me of my hen and my moneybags? And now you are stealing my harp also! I'll eat you alive!"

"Very well; try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw the giant had drunk so much wine that he could hardly stand.

After leading the giant a race he came to the top of the beanstalk and scrambled down as fast as he could. All this time the harp kept on playing, until Jack grew tired of hearing it and shouted, "Stop!" At once the music stopped.

When Jack reached the foot of the beanstalk he found his mother weeping.

"Here, mother, don't cry; just give me a hatchet. Make haste!" he exclaimed. For he saw the giant beginning to climb down the beanstalk.

The giant was too late—his evil deeds had come to an end. Jack with his hatchet cut off the beanstalk; the monster fell headlong into the garden and was killed on the spot.

The fairy came and told everything to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who would try to make her happy for the rest of her days.

So all ended well, and nothing was ever more heard or seen of the wonderful beanstalk.



PRONUNCIATION EXERCISES

Although the phonic work so closely linked with Beacon Reading from the Preparatory Stage onward was completed in Phonic Group Table LXIV at the Book Five Stage, children will reap great advantage from a few minutes' daily practice on the Exercises which follow. From the point of view of reading, correct pronunciation has a very direct bearing on word recognition and interpretation. Moreover, as nearly seventy per cent of the words or their simpler parts are included in the vocabulary of *William Tell*, the Exercises are valuable for revision. Lastly, the grouping of similarly affected words, as far as spelling is concerned, within each exercise which lends itself to this arrangement, i.e. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15, will be a great help in learning to spell.

PRONUNCIATION EXERCISES

Exercise 1 After *d* and *t* the suffix forms an additional syllable.

attempted	crowded	- invited	- pocketed
bearded	- decided	- lasted	- presented
bolted	demanded	- lifted	- roasted
bounded	descended	- lighted	- scolded
commanded	enchanted	- loaded	- sounded
floated	- hooted	mounted	- treated
patted	- wounded	- waited	twisted
coated	- counted	- fitted	- hated

Exercise 2 After the consonants *c*, *ck*, *k*, *f*, *p*, *ph*, *ss*, *sh*, *x*, and *ch* the suffix *ed* is sounded like *t*.

placed	backed	rebuked	sniffed
danced	blacked	milked	dwarfed
faced	cracked	hooked	hoofed
lanced	flocked	booked	roofed
raced	kicked	looked	snuffed
slipped	photographed	tossed	wished
flapped	autographed	crossed	dashed
clapped	triumphed	blessed	rushed
stepped	telegraphed	dressed	pushed
rapped	paragraphed	kissed	hushed
fixed	fetched	watched	dished
mixed	hatched	branched	missed
coaxed	reached	iced	picked
taxed	stretched	cooked	huffed
vexed	switched	trapped	priced

Exercise 2. In nearly all words not included in the preceding table *ed* is pronounced *d*.

agreed	aimed	allowed	amazed
amused	answered	begged	belonged
called	carried	changed	disappeared
dragged	entered	frightened	gathered
harmed	hugged	moved	ordered
owned	planned	pulled	rattled
remembered	roared	ruled	sailed
seized	showed	slammed	sneezed
sparkled	stayed	supposed	turned
wandered	whispered	wondered	yawned

Exercise 1. This table, an extension of Phonic Group Tables XXXII and XXXIII (*Little Chick-Chick*), gives practice in the pronunciation of words containing soft *c* and *g*.

race	change	bridge	scarce
spice	courage	porridge	council
ice	general	cartridge	except
face	obliged	lodge	cider
lance	fringed	dodging	once
circle	magic	judged	nice
circus	giant	trudged	niece
decided	magi	lodges	cell
dancing	imagine	fudge	city
mercy	mangy	gentle	cottage
fancy	gymnasium	Germany	edges
racy	gypsy	largest	huge
spicy	gymkhana	managed	hinges

Exercise 5. Usually the vowel followed by one consonant is long; when the consonant is doubled the vowel is usually short.

biter	diner	doted	hoping	mute
bitter	dinner	dotted	hopping	mutter
hater	riding	caning	mate	robbed
hatter	ridding	canning	matter	robbed
over	holy	planing	boned	hide
offer	holly	planning	bonnet	hidden
riper	plater	later	fate	pony
ripper	platter	latter	fatter	penny
bane	mane	mile	mire	pale
banner	manner	miller	mirror	pallor

Exercise 6. A table for practising the correct pronunciation of final *a* and *o*.

aha!	cinema	area	abracadabra
gondola	algebra	gorilla	banana
vanilla	orchestra	umbrella	hyena
hero	lo!	oho!	banjo
commando	whoso	tango	negro
photo	radio	bravo	buffalo

Exercise 7. In the following words final *e* does not lengthen the preceding vowel.

have	office	shone	favourite
give	service	gone	granite
live	justice	heroine	opposite
active	notice	medicine	festive
native	lattice	engine	expensive
captive	practice	examine	attractive
attentive	promise	discipline	extensive

Exercise 3. In the following words *ant* and *ent* are pronounced nearly alike.

distant	serjeant	moment	ailment
instant	tenant	payment	commandment
servant	occupant	present	argument
vacant	reluctant	silent	patent
truant	important	recent	absent
consonant	expectant	talent	accent
attendant	currant	advent	improvement

Exercise 4. In the following words *ence* and *ance* are pronounced nearly alike.

clearance	annoyance	confidence
instance	disappearance	essence
appearance	allowance	influence
admittance	guidance	diligence
entrance		presence
performance	difference	dependence
attendance	obedience	emergence
temperance	silence	convenience
importance	disobedience	sentence
distance	residence	absence

Exercise 5. In the following words *ar*, *er*, *or*, and *our* are pronounced nearly alike.

cellar	another	author	favour
popular	bargainer	castor	parlour
circular	corner	councillor	harbour
vinegar	butcher	horror	humour
muscular	either	sailor	neighbour
scholar	danger	anchor	colour
beggar	offer	error	honour
burglar	deserter	debtor	flavour
calendar	monster	terror	endeavour

similar	pointer	tailor	arbour
dollar	partner	equator	labour
jaguar	outer	governor	rumour
collar	stagger	emperor	vapour
pedlar	smaller	mirror	vigour
pillar	shoulder	meteor	clamour

Consonants. One or more of the letters in these words are not pronounced. (Phonic Group Tables LI-LVIII, *Careful Hans, Briar Rose.*)

climb	knew	straight	listened
climbed	knife	rightly	listening
dumb	knock	mighty	castle
limb	knocked	frightened	whistle
crumbs	know	daughters	fastened
thumb	knots	brought	often
wrong	half	guard	sign
wrapped	walk	guide	reign
whole	talk	guardian	ensign
sword	stalks	shoulder	resign
wrapping	calm	buy	design
wrongly	balm	boulder	gnat
whose	palm	guinea	gnome
knocked	column	tight	heir
knapsack	solemn	caught	honour
knuckle	autumn	brightly	hour
knots	condemn	highest	honest
knee	condemned	height	heiress

Exercise 12. In the following words *ow* is pronounced as long *o*. (Phonic Group Table XXXV, *The Pancake*.)

yellow	flown	throw	row
window	follow	slow	rowed
cross-bow	followed	slowly	rowing
arrow	following	grown	swallows
blow	gallows	growing	sorrowful
blown	glowing	low	tomorrow
show	shadow	narrow	rows
shown	showing	owned	below
showed	thrown	flow	snow

Exercise 13. In the following words *o* has the long sound. (Phonic Group Table XLV, *Careful Hans*.)

ago	swollen	fro	older
almost	motioned	behold	pony
obey	most	also	roll
obeyed	scold	cold	rolled
stroll	scolding	noble	rolling
told	oldest	oho!	holding

Exercise 14. In the following words *o* and *ou* are pronounced as short *u*. (Phonic Group Table LIX, *Briar Rose*.)

among	month	handsome	colour
somebody	second	nothing	touched
oven	none	sponge	country
money	somewhere	mother	courage
wonderful	sons	sometimes	trouble
wondering	wondered	gallop	couple
tongue	kingdom	become	double
front	another	love	young

Exercise 15. In the following table *i*, *ie*, and *y* are all pronounced as the long sound of *i*. (Phonic Group Tables XXI, in *Old Dog Tom*, and XLVI, in *Careful Hans*.)

behind	mind	cried	dry
blind	wild	crying	dried
mild	find	died	untied
hind	child	dying	unting
kind	climb	lie	deny
kindly	climbed	lying	denying
kindness	bride	replied	fly
kindest	bridle	replying	flying

Exercise 16. In the following words *ea* is pronounced as short *e*. (Phonic Group Table XLVII in *Careful Hans*.)

ahead	heads	measure	breast
already	ready	treasure	heavier
bread	threads	pleasure	meadow
breath	threadlike	dreadful	steadily
deaf	tread	dreadfully	weapon
death	weather	instead	heavenly

Exercise 17. Practice on the pronunciation of words containing the following suffixes: *-ture*, *-cious*, *-le*, *-ful*.

creature	precious	bundle	sorrowful
nature	gracious	cripple	barrelful
feature	delicious	feeble	beautiful
future	anxious	grumble	careful
pasture	rightly	horrible	dreadful
picture	softly	invisible	faithful
capture	heavily	marble	fretful
venture	eagerly	saddle	mouthful
adventure	finally	whistle	pitiful

WHAT COMES NEXT?

Now that you have finished *William Tell* you are reading so well it is hard to believe that not so very long ago you could not read at all. But it is true. All that you now need to make you an even better and quicker and more understanding reader is to read more and more and more. That is why there are books in The Beacon Library which are companion books to *William Tell*. The stories in them are quite new, but are as interesting as the *William Tell* ones and no more difficult. If you read first *The Winged Horse*, you will find that you take less time over it than you did over *William Tell*, and if after that you read *The Lion and the Saint* you will find that you take less time over that than you did over *The Winged Horse*. By that time the difficulty will be to find you enough books to read, either for the fun of it, or to find out something you want to know, or to learn how to make things. The best thing for you to do then is to ferret around among the children's books in your school or local library and take your choice. And good luck to you!

